THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE BRITISH REPORTER.

His Life Not Quite Tedious—Some Humorous and Odd Blunders of Parliamentary Reporting.

Mishearing is a Fruitful Source of Errors in Reporting—Many Amusing Mistakes.

One morning, during the session of 1887, all the newspapers of the kingdom reported in exactly similar terms a brief but curious and amusing conversation between Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery in the house of lords on the previous evening. The subject of the conversation was a popular rumor to the effect that Sir Drummond Wolff's appointment as British plenipotentiary at Constantinople had terminated. Lord Rosebery inquired if the rumor were true. Lord Salisbury, as Foreign Secretary, intimated that it did not quite accurately describe Sir Drummond Wolff's position. What followed is thus recorded by the newspapers:

Lord Rosebery—Are we to understand, then, that Sir Drummond Wolff is in a state of suspended animation?

Lord Salisbury—No; rather in a state of animated expectancy.

On the evening of the day this report appeared in the press, Lord Salisbury called attention to it in the house of lords. He denied in the most emphatic manner that he had ever used such language, and Lord Rosebery, on his part, was equally emphatic. But their lordships gave no indication of the real nature of the conversation that had passed between them on the subject of Sir Drummond Wolff; they simply contented themselves with denying the accuracy of the newspaper report. However, months afterward, Lord Rosebery, presiding at the international Shorthand Congress, alluded to this remarkable instance of the humor of parliamentary reporting. He then said that his own words were: "Are we to understand, then, that Sir Drummond Wolff is in a state of agitated expectancy?" and that Lord Salisbury, leaning across the table, had answered jocosely, in a low voice so that it should not reach the reporters' gallery: 'I will telegraph and ask him, if you like." But what puzzled Lord Rosebery, as he confessed at the congress, was the extraordinary agreement between all the reports of the conversation which appeared in the newspapers. Such unanimity would have convinced any one else but the two principals that the conversation had really taken place as it was reported. The explanation of the mystery is, however, simple; all the newspaper reports came from one common source. It is difficult to hear in the reporters' gallery of the house of lords, and the reporters being for that reason doubtful that they could, independently, provide accurate reports, made up between them as best they could a report for the common benefit.

Mishearing is a fruitful source of errors in reporting. To it may, doubtless, be attributed the various renderings given in the London morning papers of a line from Macaulay's "Armada," quoted by Lord Rosebery in a recent speech. The *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* were the only journals that gave the line correctly:

Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the
stormy hills of Wales.

The *Daily News* and *Morning Post* rendered it:

Like volcanoes flamed to heaven the
stormy hills of Wales.

The *Chronicle* also gave "flamed" instead of "flared," and made the line into two. But the version in the *Standard* was most extraordinary:

Like volcanoes flame the heavens,
The stormy hills of Wales.

Quotations are indeed often sadly mangled. Mr. John Bright once quoted from Milton:

I argue not
Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate
a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and
steer
Right onward.

The reporter was not familiar with the passage, and, having no idea that Mr. Bright was quoting poetry, he turned it into prose, in the third person, as follows: "He would not argue against the hand or will of heaven, nor would he bate a jot of heart or hope. He would still bear up and steer right onward."

Still more amusing was the rendering given to the two well-known lines from Tennyson's "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" by a reporter who was brought into the gallery one night on trial: "The honorable gentleman concluded by declaring that kind hearts were far more than coronets, and simple faith much better than Norman blood." That reporter has not been seen in the gallery since. The famous saying of Drummond, the Irish under-secretary, "Property has its duties as well as its rights," has been given as "Prosperity has its duties for which it fights." "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" once exclaimed Sir William Harcourt in the course of a terrific onslaught on Mr. Chamberlain; but a provincial paper improved the quotation in this novel fashion: "Great Dinah, what a farce this is." Perhaps there was more in that rendering than met the eye, but if the editor was not cynically expressing his own convictions, it is probably to the telegraph and not to the reporter that the credit of that joke is due.

Indeed, the telegraph has indulged in many witticisms at the expense of the members of both houses of parliament. It has transformed a classical allusion to "Cato and Brutus" into "Cats and Brutes"; the celebrated phrase used by the late Mr. W. E. Forster, in a speech on his Irish policy, "*mauvais sujets* and village ruffians"; into "wandering savages and village ruffians"; "tried in the balance and found wanting" into "tried in the balance and found panting"; "the cow was cut into halves" into "the cow was cut into calves," and "the militia is a great constitutional force" into "the militia is a great constitutional farce."

Dr. Magee, the late Archbishop of York, was once reported to have said in the house of lords that "drunkenness is jolly." Though no correction appeared, it may be safely assumed that what his Grace said was "drunkenness is folly." On another occasion he was represented as having applied the uncomplimentary epithets "hardened and insolent" to advocates of teetotalism. The sub-editor, the compositor and the proofreader may have had in mind the supposed declaration of his Grace that "drunkenness is jolly," and may, therefore, have passed as natural this sweeping onslaught on the enthusiastic friends of temperance. But the indignant letters which, in this instance, the speaker received from some teetotalers led him to explain publicly that he used the words "ardent and excellent," and not "hardened and insolent." Here is another extract from a reported speech of his: "There is nothing ascertainable in what you call spiritual things. The Post Office telegraph, which best interprets this age, tells you the most you can come to in that line of thought." Readers were naturally mystified by this extraordinary allusion to the Post Office telegraph, till they were informed next day that it was the poet laureate to whom his Grace had referred. Curiously enough, it was established beyond all doubt that this prank was played in the post office itself.

In a discussion on a factory bill one member, according to a report in one of the provincial papers, urged its acceptance on the house in order to put a stop to the practice of "shaving factory boys to death." During the last parliament Mr. Gladstone indulged one evening in some genial bantering, and the following appeared in one of the provincial reports of the speech: "Such is the modesty of my noble friend that he shaves his head. But I must insist upon placing upon his head the crown which he is entitled to wear." A reference to the report, published in the London Journal, shows that Lord Hartington did not shave his head, but only shook it.

Telegraphic humor is not, however, always unconscious or unintentional. There is a well-authenticated story current in the reporters' gallery of a strange freak of a telegraph clerk in the transmission of the report of a parliamentary speech by Mr. Forster to a daily paper in Bradford. The subject of the speech was education: the word "children" was frequently used, and, for the sake of brevity, the clerk substituted "kids," trusting that the alteration would be corrected by the operator at the other end of the wire. The message, however, was not only written, but printed as it was transmitted. Imagine the faces of the right honorable gentleman's constituents when they read next morning: "You know of Wordsworth's profound saying, 'The kid is father to the man.' I need not dwell on the vital importance to the community of imparting a sound moral and secular education to kids in their impressionable years. It is for the kids that this bill is introduced, and asking the house to remember that the kids of this generation will be the fathers and mothers of the next I appeal to it to support our proposals."

"These are all friends, well-known friends," exclaimed Mr. Cobden, after citing the names of many authorities in support of the views he was laying before the house: "They are all fiends, well-known fiends," said a newspaper for him. One of the bishops in the house of lords was represented as having spoken of the iniquities instead of the antiquities of an old church. "My lords," remarked another prelate, "we take these children out of the streets; we watch over them, we clothe them, and we tend them"; but his words were read, "we wash them, we clothe them, etc. In an Irish report of a debate in the house of lords, after the execution of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien at Manchester, in 1867, the Earl of Mayo was reported to have "condemned the Fenian executions as sanctimonious murder," and in consequence much angry amazement was naturally aroused in Ireland. But next day came the correction; his lordship had condemned "the Fenian processions as sanctioning murder." An Irish member, describing one of the processions to the house, was represented as having said: "The people rent the air with ten thousand snouts."

These witticisms may be attributed to the antics of the telegraph wires, or to the carelessness or stupidity of the telegraph clerks, the compositors or the proof readers. But there are many blunders equally amusing to be laid at the doors of the reporters. Most of them, however, are due to the difficulty of hearing in the reporters' galleries of both houses of parliament. The late Earl of Carnarvon was credited with having said, "In these days clergymen are expected to have the wisdom and lerning of a journeyman tailor," instead of "the wisdom and learning of Jeremy Taylor." "Personally he violated the Lord's Day as much as any member of the house," asserted a member for Leicester in the local paper; but when some scandalized and indignant constituents demanded an explanation, it turned out that "venerated" was the word he had used. The following sentence appeared in a dispatch that was read in the house during the Crimean war: "Our troops had marched across Belbec and drawn up in front of the north ports." It appeared in some of the newspapers as: "Our troops had marched across the Baltic and drawn up in front of the North Foreland."

Ludicrous misconceptions of a speaker's words, arising from imperfect hearing, frequently occur on the floor of the house as well as in the reporters' gallery. Here is an extract from a parliamentary report during the session of 1876:

Sir George Campbell said he had some experience of the Glasgow Irish.

Major O'Gorman (indignantly)—Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker, I rise to order, sir! I wish to know, sir, whether the honorable member is justified in stigmatizing my beloved country-people as "the blasted Irish."

Sir G. Campbell—Mr. Speaker—

The Speaker—Order, order! I did not catch the expression of the honorable member.

Sir G. Campbell—Will you allow me, Mr. Speaker—

The Speaker—Order, order! But if the expression was used it is certainly unparliamentary and most improper. [Hear, hear.]

Sir G. Campbell—Mr. Speaker, it is an entire misconception of my remarks on the part of my honorable and gallant friend. What I said was "Glasgow Irish," and not "blasted Irish." [Much laughter and cheering.]

Mr. Swift MacNeill once quoted in the house the judicial declaration of the late Baron Dowse of the Irish bench that "The resident magistrates could no more state a case than they could write a Greek ode"; and it was deliciously rendered by a reporter as, "The resident magistrates could no more state a case than they could ride a Greek goat." Baron Dowse must have immensely enjoyed this rendering. He stated, in the course of a judgment in an action for libel against a newspaper arising out of an incorrect report, that in a speech in the house of commons he had quoted Tennyson's line:

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay,"

and read next day that he had edified his audience with the following declaration:

"Better fifty years of true love than a circus in Bombay."

Mr. Swift MacNeill figures in another amusing case of mishearing in the reporters' gallery. He once complained of having been roughly treated by the constabulary while attending some evictions in his constituency in Donegal. "But," said the honorable member, "I took measures to put a stop to this conduct. Whenever I was hustled or knocked about by a policeman I simply chalked him, and by that means was able to identify him afterward." This was rendered: "Whenever I was hustled or knocked about by a policeman I simply choked him."

When Mr. Balfour was Irish Secretary he figured in a London paper as having charged some persons in Ireland, including several members of parliament, with being "filthy with grime." The expression he really used was "guilty of crime." But Mr. John Bright was the victim of what is perhaps the most curious and the most serious instance of misreporting on record. He was represented by one of the leading London journals as having said in the house of commons: "But I deny altogether that the rich alone are qualified to legislate for the poor; and I say more, that the poor alone are qualified to legislate for the rich." The report was a total perversion, though of course unintentional of Mr. Bright's words, which were: "But I deny altogether that the rich alone are qualified to legislate for the poor, any more than that the poor are qualified to legislate for the rich." On another occasion also Mr. Bright suffered vicariously as the reporter's hands, when a certain speaker was made to refer to him as "the Gamecock of Birmingham" instead of "the Gamaliel of Birmingham." There was some speculation as to what Mr. Asquith meant when in a recent speech he was reported as having denied that the government were in "a peacock temper" in refusing the lords' amendments to the Employers' Liability bill. It was pointed out subsequently that the words he had used were "pique or temper."—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

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Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1885.

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The chief function of the kidneys is to separate from the blood, in its passage through them, of certain impurities and watery particles which make their final exit through the bladder. The retention of these, in consequence of inactivity of the kidneys, is productive of Bright's disease, dropsy, diabetes, albuminuria and other maladies with a fatal tendency. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a highly sanctioned diuretic and blood depurent, impels the kidneys when inactive to renew their sifting function, and strain from the vital current impurities which infest it and threaten their own existence as organs of the body. Catarrh of the bladder, gravel and retention of the urine are also maladies arrested or averted by this benign promoter and restorative of organic action. Malaria, rheumatism, constipation, biliousness and dyspepsia also yield to the Bitters, which is also speedily beneficial to the weak and nervous.

THREE NEW BOOKS.

Poems by the Rev. John B. Tabb, a Southern Poet-Priest.

"The End of Elfintown," a Fairy Tale, by Jane Barlow—"Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush."

As the measured beats of the metronome shape the scientific form of a beautiful melody, so the well marked rhythms of Father Tabb's poetry denote the artistic measures of his verse, while in no wise do they seem to restrict or hamper the thoughts he expresses in such exquisite language. No mere rhymer is he; the soul of a poet and the skill of a master are in his lines. Content with the shorter poem, the dainty sonnet and the faint breath of a beautiful idea, the genius of the gifted writer is as fully displayed as though it were embodied in some mighty epic.

It is not given to all to be great singers. The magnificence of a Byron, the simple grandeur of a Longfellow and the elegance of a Tennyson are alloted to the few. There are poets—

"——humbler poets,
Whose songs gush from their hearts"

—if I may be permitted to paraphrase slightly the words of our great poet—who while the world may not acknowledge their genius in glowing tributes, are really great in the fact that their songs, born of the heart and the soul, reach out and enter the souls and hearts of all men. Their style has the finish and polish of the scholar, and while it does not soar to dazzling heights it has that singing quality, which, after all, does the greatest good on earth.

Among these songsters, these poets of nature, we may class Father Tabb. In his verses all the ardor and warmth of a Southern heart is evident. He is a Southerner and proud of the fact that he fought well and long under the "Stars and Bars," and suffered a long incarceration in a military prison for the "Lost Cause." It will not be amiss in the relation of the latter fact, to state that his companion in Point Lookout prison was the talented and lamented Sidney Lanier, who had been captured while running the blockade. The seeds of the fatal disease which carried off the gifted Lanier were sown in his system during the five months he was imprisoned in this place. In a novel, "Tiger Lilies," which he afterward wrote for the press, Lanier depicted vividly the many hardships which they were forced to undergo.

That Father Tabb has not forgotten his erstwhile prison comrade is evident from the affectionate verses to the latter's memory in his little volume. As the book is opened the first object that strikes the reader's eye is—"Ave, Sidney Lanier":

Ere Time's horizon line was set,
Somewhere in space our spirits met,
Then o'er the stormy parapet
Came wandering here.
And now that thou art gone again
Beyond the verge, I haste again
(Lost echo of a loftier strain)
To greet thee here.

Again in the middle of the book we have the following sonnet addressed to Sidney Lanier:

The dewdrop holds the heaven above,
Wherein a lark, unseen,
Outpours a rhapsody of love
That fills the space between.

My heart a dewdrop is, and thou,
Dawn-spirit far away,
Fillest the void between us now
With an immortal lay.

Then we find the same outburst of friendship and admiration in another little gem—"On the Forthcoming Volume of Sidney Lanier's Poems":

Snow! snow! snow!
Do thy worst, Winter, but know, but know
That when the Spring cometh a blossom shall blow
From the heart of the poet that sleeps below,
And his name to the ends of the earth shall go,
In spite of the snow.

The passion for poetry seems to pervade Father Tabb's whole being. He not only loves the art but its devotee, and shares his affections and admiration with both alike. In the collection we find verses in memory of Shelley, Keats, Milton and others. That on Shelley is perhaps the sweetest:

At Shelley's birth,
The lark, dawn-spirit, with an anthem loud
Rose from the dusky earth
To tell it to a cloud,
That like a flower night-folded in the gloom,
Burst into morning bloom.

At Shelley's death,
The sea, that deemed him an immortal, saw
A god's distinguished breath,
And landward, as in awe,
Upbore him to the altar whence he came,
And the rekindling flame.

There are few poems of a light or trivial character in the volume. The poet seems rather inclined to the more serious trains of thought and between the lines there is generally a beautiful idea to be read. Take the following verse, "The Dandelion,"—what a strong touch of human nature and a life-lesson there is in it:

With locks of gold today;
Tomorrow, silver gray;
Then blossom-bald. Behold,
O, man, thy fortune told.

There are some exquisite thoughts in his quatrains; we have here a good specimen, "The Stars":

Behold, upon the field of Night,
Far scattered seeds of golden light.
No one to wither, but anon
To bear the heaven-full harvest, Dawn.

Some of his poems on religious subjects are filled with such fervor and dramatic breadth that I am convinced we have seen but the beginning of Father Tabb's work. His is a rare talent. To unite the sacred verse and the dramatic style properly is a gift possessed by but few writers. Longfellow had the talent in a remarkable degree, as his "Christus" evinces. The brevity of Father Tabb's poems prevents the carrying of the effect to any great climax, but the quality of the dramatic religious writer is there. In them we get a glimpse of future possibilities; the rainbow that presages the sun. His "Rabboni," "Magdalen" and "Golgotha" are especially of great strength, and in the latter poem—which runs as follows—the effect is magnificent:

Alone I stand upon the sacred height,
Where erst, at noon, the night its mantel flung
O'er the Divine Humanity that hung
To brutal gaze exposed. The conscious light
To sudden blindness withered at the sight
Of mortal pangs from wounds immortal wrung:
The earth her gates sepulchral open swung
Impatient for the soul's descending flight.

To her expectant shades. O Calvary!
Again the dripping darkness crowns thy brow,
And I (as then, to His all-seeing mind)
Weep 'mid the general gloom. Oh! let me be,
As in those hours of anguish, hidden now
In shades of death, the light of life to find.

"Poems, by John B. Tabb," is the title of the collection of Father Tabb's verses, published by Copeland & Day, of Boston. The price of the book is one dollar, and it should be in the hands of all lovers of good pure poetry of a high order of merit. There is nothing in the title to suggest the clerical character of the writer. This is owing to his modesty, for, as he said in reply to a query on the subject: "That my critics might not handle me the better for my title, I have signed my verse simply, John B. Tabb, and would not like to have anyone take it for more than its face value. Its face value, however, will pass current as excellent work and we hope in time to see the title bestowed on the author of "The Poet-Priest of the New South," for his verse will make him as dear to the people of that section, as did that of the lamented Father Abram Ryan.

"The End of Elfintown" is the title of a fairy tale in verse by Jane Barlow, the author of "Irish Idylls," "Bogland Studies," and "Kerrigan's Quality." It relates how the great fairy king, Oberon, has a spell thrown over him by the Bad Brown Witch, who, to make him dissatisfied with his life, conjures up a vision, in a globe of crystal, of a beautiful city, of such magical loveliness, that Oberon is haunted by the memory of it for a long time afterward. At last, unable to bear the torture longer, he summons his elves together and begins the task of erecting a town, similar to that which was shown to him in the vision. The elves set to work earnestly to please their royal master. They pressed all manner of creatures into service—

And brutish things that creep and crawl
Stingless and strong they did enthrall
To burdens bear, and pull and haul,
Along the highways goaded;
There might ye see the beetle black
Come lumbering down the dusty track,
With pebble blocks piled on his back,
Or mossy twig-beams loaded.

After a while a fairy city rises from the dust: lordly mansions built of brick and stone, roofed with mica slabs and glazed with gauzy gnat's wings—

But fairest among all these descried,
Stood in the middle edified
The palace where the king should bide,
Well worthy a royal master.
Of whitest graile its walls or stained
With delicate streaks like marble veined,
From brook-bank quarries drawn, fine-grained
And pure as alabaster.

The many superb furnishings of the royal palace are then described—

With couch and stool and cushion strown
Of ash-bud's silk or thistle-down;
Their rugs, fluffed fells of field-mice brown,
For tiger's skin and panther's.
Their curtains came from spider-looms,
Their walls were hung with moth's soft plumes:
Much gold dust glittered through the rooms,
From stamens brushed and anthers.

The town when finished does not seem to satisfy the king; he makes changes here and there and as fast as one place is completed to his satisfaction, the elves are set to work on another part to make an alteration. They stand it for quite awhile without grumbling, but the elfin nature, which feeds on pleasure and to which any work is noxious, finally rebels against the tasks and they hold a secret council. Speeches are made very much after the fashion of the labor agitator's of the present day and the elves dispatch one of their number to the Good Gray Witch for a charm to release the king from the spell which is over him. The messenger returns with a magic mirror which he places in the tent of the king, and in the night royal Oberon is visited with all kinds of nightmares which discover to him his mistake in forcing the elves to labor. In the morning he commands them to tear down the city they have erected and to return to their elfin pleasures and all are happy once more.

Miss Barlow has a delightful manner of telling a story in poetry, and this tale is no less interesting than her "Bogland Studies," save that "The End of Elfintown" is intended for a younger class of readers. It is handsomely illustrated by Lawrence Housman. The book is well gotten up, the paper and print are of the best and the binding is extremely neat. It is published by MacMillan & Co., New York, at $1.50, and would be a splendid gift book.

A well known Scotch minister has followed in the footsteps of Jane Barlow and has written a number of Scotch sketches similar to her "Irish Idylls." Rev. Ian Maclaren in his "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush," has given the world a set of stories full of the greatest human interest. All of the sketches are of characters in and around the village of Drumtochty, and some of the portraits are certainly original. The author is a master of fiction and he deftly weaves humor and pathos together in a manner utterly impossible in anything but a dialect story of a Scotch or Irish peasantry. Several of the sketches are really charming. "His Mother's Sermon" is one of the most sweetly pathetic things I have ever read. An old Scotch mother has an ambition to see her son an able exponent of the scriptures and on her dying bed she tells him to "speak a gude word for Jesus Christ, an', John, I'll hear ye that day, though ye 'ill no see me, and I'll be satisfied."

The lad enters college and in the course of time is ordained and assigned to the Free Kirk of Drumtochty. He writes out a ponderous sermon, dealing with religious controversies in a learned manner; (how often do we hear them from our novices in the pulpit!) and is prepared to astonish the country when his good old aunt reminds him of his mother's words, and begs him to remember that he is about to preach to no learned people, but to plain country folk. The young minister thrusts his erudite manuscript into the fire and on the morrow preaches a sermon, beautiful in its simplicity, and wins his way into the hearts of his people. The other sketches in the book, "Domsie," "The Transformation of Lachlin Campbell," are equally good, and the domestic life of the people is handled in a manner that shows Mr. Maclaren to be a thorough student of their life and manners. He knows his people thoroughly and pictures them as they really are. His treatment of their sentiments and traditions is masterly and very sympathetic.

"Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush" is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York, and costs $1.25. It would be an excellent idea for some of our Irish writers to get a copy of the book and give us similar sketches of the Irish people. There is no better manner of gaining the ear of the world for a cause than by well written stories and sketches, sketches that are not rendered ridiculous by absurd humor. The latter are all right in their way, and I always hail a new one, of merit, with delight; but, while they amuse, they render no political service to a country or cause. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" gained more sympathy for the abolition movement than all the agitation that was done in the North, and the work of Jane Barlow and Ian Maclaren will do more for the cause of Ireland and Scotland than all the St. Patrick's Day and St. Andrew's Day orations ever delivered. M. J. MURPHY.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Kellar, the world's greatest magician, the man of marvels and mystery, is making an immensely popular hit at the Schillar. Night after night that handsome theatre is crowded to its utmost capacity with hundreds, curious and eager to witness the remarkable performances in Kellar's new entertainment. Kellar has for years made a special study of the celebrated Hindoo and Thibetean mysteries and illusions, and has travelled long and extensively in India and Thibit for the purpose. This season he gives them in a group; "The Mystic Light of Bala," "The Mystery of L'Hassa" and the "Shrine of Koomra Sami." The extraordinary public interest in the hypnotizing of Trilby, has induced Kellar, for the first time to reveal and illustrate in public the profound mysteries of hypnotism, and he does so in an extraordinary performance called "The Levitation of the Human Body." He is assisted by Mrs. Kellar, herself a proficient magician, and one of the most skillful and charming women of the time. In response to a very generally expressed popular desire Mr. and Mrs. Kellar continue, "Out of Sight," "Flyto," "The Mysterious Cabinet" and "Cassadaga Propaganda," which are as unaccountable as ever, and Kellar's own inimitable sleight-of-hand and eccentricities.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

LEAD FOR LI HUNG.

AN OVER-PATRIOTIC JAP SHOOTS THE CHINESE ENVOY.

Great Excitement at Shimonoseki, Where the Peace Conferences Are Taking Place—The Would-Be Assassin Arrested—The Wound Not Serious.

SIMONSEKI, March 25.—As Li Hung Chang, the Chinese peace envoy, was returning to his lodgings in this place after having attended a conference with Count Ito and Viscount Mutsu, the Japanese peace plenipotentiaries, a young Japanese fired a pistol at him. The bullet sped straight, but most fortunately did no more harm than to inflict a wound in Li Hung Chang's face. At the time of sending this dispatch it is impossible to learn whether or not the wound is serious. The attempt to assassinate the representative of the emperor of China caused the most intense excitement and on every side there were expressions of deep regret. The would-be murderer was arrested. It is believed that he was prompted to the crime by misguided patriotism.

The Wound Not Thought To Be Serious.

The name of the young man who attempted the life of Li Hung Chang is Koyama Rokunosuki. His antecedents are unknown. Li Hung Chang was shot in the cheek. It is believed that the wound is not serious. Prime Minister Ito has telegraphed to Hiroshima asking that Dr. Sato, the imperial physician, be sent to Shimonoseki to attend the Chinese commissioner. The ministers of state and a number of other officials have visited Li Hung Chang and express their deep sorrow at the occurrence. Every precaution has been taken by the police and military to prevent any trouble. The government profoundly regrets the affair.

Caused a Sensation at Washington.

WASHINGTON, March 25.—The news of the assault on Li Hung Chang caused a sensation in diplomatic circles in this city. Cases where an envoy of any kind has been assaulted in the country to which he is accredited are rare, and those in which a peace commissioner is attacked are almost unheard of in modern days. The opinion here is that Japan will suffer greatly as a consequence of the assault and that the position of China will be so strengthened that she may be able to secure better terms of peace than she could otherwise have hoped for.

May Break Off the Negotiations.

The incident may lead to the breaking off of peace negotiations which were proceeding so satisfactorily, or at least may postpone further action in this direction until Japan has guaranteed the safety of China's envoy and made proper reparation. No news of the attack on Li Hung Chang has been received by the Japanese legation here and Minister Kurine was unwilling to discuss the occurrence. The members of the legation realise that it is a serious matter. They say no one will deplore such an affair more than the Japanese themselves.

The Chinese legation received prompt notification of the matter. Minister Yang Yu did not care to discuss the matter. It was stated at the legation that it was not believed that it would lead to the total breaking off of the peace negotiations, although it might cause them to be interrupted for a time.

The News at Yokohama.

YOKOHAMA, March 25.—The news of the attempted assassination of Li Hung Chang created much excitement here. The emperor and empress will send a messenger to Shimonoseki to express to the distinguished Chinese statesman their regrets at the most unfortunate occurrence.

FOUR FIREMEN MEET SUDDEN DEATH.

Go Down with a Floor in the St. James Hotel at Denver.

DENVER, March 25.—Four firemen lost their lives in the fire in the St. James hotel. They were: Harold Hartwell, captain; S. Brawley, lieutenant; Richard Dandeyrd and Steve Martin, firemen. All were members of hose company No. 3 and all except Captain Hartwell were colored men. They went down with the floor of the rotunda and were horribly mangled and burned. There were 165 guests in the hotel, all of whom escaped uninjured. The damage by the fire amounted to $40,000, about half on the building and half on the furniture.

Phebe Cousins Engaged to Fair.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 25.—The Call publishes a long story telling of the affection that existed between the late James G. Fair and Miss Phœbe Couzins, the well-known lecturer and woman's rights advocate. According to The Call they were engaged to be married and only the death of the millionaire prevented the wedding. Miss Cousins is at present in San Jose taking care of her brother, who is ill. To a call reporter she told of her affection for Fair. She told her story freely, candidly and without hesitancy.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 26.—Following the sensational statement of the betrothal of Phœbe Cousins and ex-Senator Fair, the report is current here that ex-Senator Fair was poisoned. It is stated that a man whose name is not given will come forward at the proper time and make this charge, giving his proofs.

In Light Campaigning Costume.

CHICAGO, March 26.—Peter Neidorf, said to be from Montana, created considerable excitement at the City hotel, State and Sixteenth streets. He appeared in the office of the hotel naked and proceeded to make a political speech. Neidorf, after a struggle, was carried to his room and dressed. Then breaking away he dashed out of the hotel bareheaded and disappeared.

Took a Devilish Revenge.

OMAHA, March 25.—Cornelius McGuire, a well-known Omaha metalsmith, was locked in his shop and burned to death. He woke to find the shop on fire. When his suffering made him delirious he rushed through the flames into the street and died. The doors and windows had been nailed up by an enemy.

New Counterfeit $5-Note.

WASHINGTON, March 26.—The secret service has discovered a new counterfeit $5 silver certificate of the series of 1891, Grant head; W. S. Rosecrans, register; E. H. Nebeker, treasurer. The note is printed from a wood cut and the work is very crude. Several words are spelled wrong.

ST. PAUL WOULD NOT SLIDE.

The New American Liner Sticks Tight on Cramps' Ways.

PHILADELPHIA, March 26.—The big American line steamer St. Paul was not launched. At the eleventh hour she disappointed her owners, the International Navigation company; her builders, the Cramps, and the vast multitude of humanity waiting to witness her initial dip, by refusing to budge an inch from the ways. The yard was crowded with thousands of sightseers; the river was dotted with craft bearing distinguished visitors, and Miss Frances C. Griscom stood on the Christening stand swinging the bottle of champagne which was to give the ship its baptism, and awaiting the signal to give its name.

The props were knocked away, the last log sawed and all eyes were directed anxiously to the mighty hull, but she did not move. Then an investigation was made and it was discovered that the tallow with which the ways had been greased had caked to the consistency of flint, and instead of assisting in sliding the boat off rather retarded its movement. This action of the tallow is unaccountable. Before the launch was abandoned, however, strenuous efforts to get the vessel under way were made. But she wouldn't budge, although five tugs pulled at her with all their might

It will take two or three days to rebuild the ways and get ready for another attempt. There were many distinguished visitors present, among them Secretary Carlisle and a party from Washington. "Mark Twain" was there also, and in his pocket was a speech that would probably made the very steamer laugh. But it will never be heard, as Twain will sail for Europe tomorrow. Then there was a big delegation from St. Paul, the Gridiron club, of Washington, and a large number of ladies from the same city.

FATE OF THE SCHOONER IRENE.

It Is Still an Unsolved Problem, But She Was a Suspicious Craft.

TAMPA, Fla., March 21.—The fate of the schooner Irene, which was reported as having been dismantled and sunk by the Infanta Isabella, is still shrouded in mystery. It is stated, however, that the Irene had for some time been under suspicion, and that the officials of the United States and Spain have been watching her. The last heard of her she was in the vicinity of Boca Grande.

Mrs. Clara Acosta has arrived from Matanza, Cuba. She reports that the civil guard and about eighty Cuban citizens met in conflict there on the night of the 13th inst., and that the latter were forced to beat a hasty retreat. One Cuban was wounded. It is rumored there that the blacks are are conspiring to rise against the whites. Cubans claim that this report is being circulated by the Spaniards in the hope of dividing the Cuban forces.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA IN KANSAS.

Three Counties Declared To Be Infected With the Disease.

TOPEKA, Kas., March 23.—Unless the judgment of Professor W. S. Mayo, veterinarian at the state agricultural college, is at fault pleuro-pneumonia has been located in Kansas. The dread disease has, it is said, made its appearance in Geary, Waubansee and Morris counties.

Professor Mayo reports that, in his judgment, the district is infected with typical pleuro-pneumonia. Eight head of cattle afflicted with the disease, he declares, have died, about fifty head are now suffering with it, and about 200 head have been exposed.

A rigid quarantine has been established against the infected portions of the three counties named, and it is the hope of the authorities that they may stamp out the disease without any further spread. Governor Morrill has notified the authorities at Washington.

Northwestern Associated Press.

CHICAGO, March 23.—Members of the Northwestern Associated Press met at the Grand Pacific hotel for the transaction of routine business of the organization. There were present at the meeting editors, proprietors and publishers of many of the most prominent papers in Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota. President Richardson, of Wisconsin, opened the convention with a brief address of welcome. Later he resigned as president, but not as director. Secretary H. W. Glendenning, of the Springfield Register, resigned as secretary and treasurer. This directory vacancy was filled by the election of W. O. Davis, of the Bloomington Pantagraph. M. M. Ham, of the Dubuque Herald, resigned from the board and his son, C. D. Ham, was elected to the vacancy. W. E. Southwell, of the Burlington Hawkeye, was elected a member of the board.

Fire at Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., March 25.—At 6:30 o'clock last night fire broke out in the hog building of the Reid Packing company's plant at Kansas and Railroad avenues, Kansas City, Kas., and almost the whole group of buildings was entirely destroyed, causing a loss of over a million dollars. At 10:30 o'clock the following buildings had been destroyed and the fire was not yet under control, owing to want of water pressure: The three-story hog building; the storage building, four stories high; five ice houses and the engine house.

The Wood Harvester Company.

MILWAUKEE, March 26.—The Walter A. Wood Harvester company receivership has received the sanction and protection of the United States court and the authority of the receivers has been extended to every state where the company has property. Judge Jenkins, on application of J. Russell Parsons, of New York, appointed Frank A. Seymour, Albert A. Lindeke and Peter Macgovern, of St. Paul, receivers.

THE DEATH RECORD.

Major FRANK F. PEATS, for many years sheriff at Rockford, Ills.

IRA J. HOLMES, prominent Chicago real estate man, at Milwaukee.

Sergeant JAMES A. LATIMER, veteran of the late war, at Danway, Ills.

Major JOSEPH K. LEMON, at Carlyle, Ills.

Major SILAS BEATTY, well known in political and military circles, at Princeton, Ills.

Dr. HENRY COPPER, acting president o Lehigh university, at Bethlehem, Pa.

General PHILIP ST. GEORGE COOKE, at Detroit, Mich.

JOHN E. BELL, prominent citizen of Cincinnati, O.

JAMES F. KNIGHT, pioneer of northern Indiana, at Leesburg, Ind.

WILLIAM A. SEEVERS, ex-chief justice of the Iowa supreme court, at Oskaloosa, Iowa.

THREE SCORE DEAD

The Awful List of the Victims of the Mine Horror.

FIFTY-THREE MEN DIE IN THE PIT,

Fifty-One of Those Who Went Down to Death Leave Families, the Orphans Numbering 250—The Whole Mine Wrecked and Rescuers Work in Peril of Their Lives—Heart-Rending Scenes.

EVANSTON, Wyo., March 22.—The details of the explosion of the Rocky Mountain Coal and Iron company's mine No. 5 at Red Canon Wednesday afternoon mark it as one of the most horrible in the history of coal mining in the west. There are forty men lying dead at the bottom of the mine at this writing, covered with debris. As many men as can are working to recover their bodies. The bodies of nineteen have been recovered. Fifty of the dead men were married and nine single. There are fifty widows and 250 orphaned children as a result of the disaster.

The Long List of the Lost.

The names of the dead as gathered from the company's pay roll are: James Bruce, foreman; O. B. Maltby, superintendent of motive power; Albert Clark, Henry Scothern, William Graham, Jr., Hugh Sloan, William Sellers, Sr., James Hutchinson, William Weedup, Aaron Bull, Gus Kazola, Charles Kazola, John Wilkes, William Pope, H. A. Hyborn, Matt Johnson, George Hardy, John Fearn, Baptiste Julian, John Lapar, Isaac Johnson, Samuel Halston, Henry Burton, John Dexter, Thomas Hutchinson, Walter Miller, Matt Silta, Joseph N. Lesti, James Hyden, Charles Clark, William Wagstaff, John Lester, John Theby, George Critchley, John T. Martin, David Loyd, Marshall Langdon, William Langdon, Sr., James T. Clark, John Morriss, William Morriss, David W. Lowrey, George Hydes, John G. Locke, Willard Brown, W. H. Grieves, Fred Morgan, Jerry Crawford, James E. Clark, Samuel Clay, James Limb, William Sellers, Jr., and W. E. Cox.

When Death Swooped Down.

About thirty of the men killed belonged to the A. O. U. W., in which order they were insured for $2,000 apiece. The greater part of the men who have perished are covered with debris at the seventh level, where they were gathered awaiting the car. Work is being pushed with all possible speed to uncover the dead. There is no fire in the mine. The explosion is supposed to have come from a blast setting fire to the dust, making a dust explosion, since the mine was supposed to be free from gas, being well ventilated. This is the third disastrous explosion in this vicinity. In 1881 No 2 mine, Rocky Mountain, exploded, killing thirty-six Chinese and four white men. In the spring of 1886 Union Pacific mine No. 4 killed thirty-six men.

Not Less Than Sixty Dead.

The total number known at this writing to have lost their lives is sixty, seven of whom were killed outside of the mine. Of the dead fifty-one are married men and nine young men and boys. Up to this time the bodies of the following, out of a total of fifty-three who met their death in the mine have been recovered and turned over to their relatives: W. B. Clark, John Morris, D. Laurie, G. Hyde, John Locke, W. H. Grieves and Samuel Clay—single; Samuel Hutchinson, William Morris, Thomas Booth, Ben U. Cole, Charles Clark, Willard Brown, James Limb and Fred Morgan—all men of large families. This leaves thirty-eight unrecovered bodies in the mine.

Searching Party in Danger.

The timbering is largely blown out and and the walls and roof of the whole interior are wrecked and shattered so that the volunteer searching party of eighteen now seeking the bodies of their comrades are every moment in danger of being buried. A coroner's jury has been empanelled which views the remains as brought out and turned over to relatives. The agonizing screams of widows and children about the mouth of the mine beggar description. The mules that were in the mine are so burned that they have to be removed on account of the odor before the work can proceed.

Besides the dead there are a number more or less injured, but these were all outside the mine. Not one inside escaped. Dr. Gamble, the resident mine physician, has about twenty-five under treatment for more or less severe injuries.

GREAT FIRE AT SIOUX CITY.

Warehouse of the Western Transfer Co. and Linseed Oil Mills Destroyed.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., March 22.—One of the most serious fires in the history of Sioux City completely destroyed the warehouse of the Western Transfer company, at 900 Iowa street, with its contents, entailing a loss of more than $300,000. The high wind which was blowing communicated the flames to the Linseed oil mill across the street, and it was partially destroyed and the greater part of its contents consumed, making a total loss of $400,000.

The storage building was an immense structure 150x60 feet, including a brick oil storage annex. The main part of the elevator was five stories high and had a capacity of 150,000 bushels of flax seed. In the bins at the time were stored 100,000 bushels, and on the lower floor several thousand tons of linseed oil cake were ready for the market. In the annex the oil was in huge tanks, having an estimated capacity of 190,000 gallons. Neighboring towns were telegraphed for help and Council Bluffs offered aid, but it was found that the local department could do all that could be done.

The building of the Western Transfer company was a mammoth frame structure, four stories high, covered with corrugated iron. The iron aided the flames and kept the water from reaching the wood work. The warehouse, 100 by 150 feet in size, and with four stories besides a basement, was filled from top to bottom with farm implements and machinery, the value of which was about $200,000. This machinery was owned by about twenty implement companies in different parts of the United States. The building and contents were insured for $61,750, but the National Linseed Oil company handles the insurance on its plants and the amount cannot be obtained on the mill.

Two Notable Deaths.

NEW YORK, March 21.—General Adam Badeau, who was on the staff of General Grant as military secretary, is dead at Ridgewood, N. J.

DETROIT, March 21.—General Philip St. George Cooke died at his home in this city, aged 85.

SPRINGER AND "BUCK" KILGORE.

Appointed by the President to Indian Territory District Judgeships.

WASHINGTON, March 22.—The president has found places for two representatives in congress whom the recent political landslide left by the wayside—Hon. William M. Springer, of Illinois, and Judge (called by his friends in congress "Buck" for short) Kilgore, of Texas. Nobody in the west needs to be told the career of William M. Springer, but a good many people probably do not known that he was born in Indiana, at Lebanon. He removed to Illinois in 1859, and is 59 years old. His services in congress have been long and notable and he has always been a prominent figure in the house. His appointment is to be judge of the United States court of the northern district of Indian Territory.

Constantine Buckley Kilgore is made the judge of the southern district of the same territory, and, although not of as long service in the house he is almost as well known as Springer, chiefly because of his "vigorous personality," one of the manifestations of which was the kicking down of a door of the house chamber at the time Reed made his first effort to show that there was an actual quorum present, and had the doors locked to prevent members from slipping out into the cloak rooms. He is a Georgian by birth, and has plenty of "grit," a quality that will serve him well in dealing with the tough characters who will come before his court in his new field of usefulness.

The two Indian Territory judgeships are newly-created offices established by an act of the last congress framed for the purpose of checking in a measure the great spread and growth of lawlessness and crime in the Indian Territory, which had become a refuge of robbers and outlaws.

Secretary Carlisle has filled a vacancy that has been a vacancy for some time in the appointment of William M. Aiken, of Cincinnati, to be supervising architect of the treasury, vice O'Rourke, resigned. He is a native of South Carolina, 40 years old and a member of the American Institute of Architects.

Debs Case in Supreme Court.

WASHINGTON, March 26.—The Debs habeas corpus case, which is being watched with the greatest interest by all the labor unions in the country, and with equal interest by the railway and other great corporations, was argued before the supreme court yesterday, the attorneys for Debs et al. being headed by the venerable Lyman Trumbull, of Chicago. Debs and his associates ask for a writ of habeas corpus relieving them from the sentence of imprisonment passed upon them by Judge Woods, of the United States circuit for the northern district of Illinois, in December last, on the charge of contempt in failing to obey the injunction of the court requiring them to desist from interfering with the interstate transportation of the mails.

England and the Silver Question.

ST. PAUL, March 26.—President Hill of the Great Northern railway has returned from a visit to Europe. The gist of a long interview with him is that the silver men had better let England work out the bimetallic problem in her profit and loss account; that she will be forced, in order to retain her trade with other parts of the world, to join the other powers in a movement for a more enlarged use of silver money Sunday.

The Charge Against Minister Thurston.

WASHINGTON, March 25.—It is understood that the specific charge made against Thurston, the Hawaiian minister, is that he procured the publication of extracts from a private letter from Hatch severely reflecting upon the course of Minister Willis.

Prince Does a Gallant Deed.

DARMSTADT, March 25.—The Sneue Hessische Volksblatter states that Prince William of Hesse gallantly rescued a woman from drowning after she had attempted to commit suicide by throwing herself into the river Woog.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, March 23.

Money on call nominally 2½ per cent. Prime mercantile paper 4@5½ per cent. Sterling exchange firm with actual business in bankers' bills at 487½@488½ for demand and 485¾@486 for sixty days; posted rates 488½@490; commercial bills 485@485¼.

Silver certificates, 63¾@64; no sales; bar silver, 63¾. Mexican dollars, 50.

United States government bonds firm; new 4's reg. 127½; do coupons 130½; 5's reg. 115¾; 5's coupon 115¾; 4's reg. 111; 4's coupons 112¼; 2's reg. 93 bid; Pacific 6's of '95 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, March 25.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—March, opened 54¼c, closed 54¾c; May, opened 55½c, closed 56c; July, opened 56¾c, closed 57½c. Corn—March, nominal, closed 45¾c; May, opened 46¼c, closed 46¾c; July, opened 46¾c, closed 46⅝. Oats—May, opened 29¼, closed 29¼; June, opened 29¼c, closed 29½c; July, opened 29½c, closed 29¼. Pork—May, opened $12.35, closed $12.62½. Lard—May, opened $7.05, closed $7.25.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 18½@19c per lb; fresh dairy, 16c; packing stock, 6@7c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 10½@11c per doz, loss off. Dressed poultry—Spring chickens, 9@10c per lb; turkeys, 6@12½c; ducks, 9@13c; geese, 8@10c. Potatoes—Burbanks, good to choice, 65@70c per bu; Hebrons, 60@65c; Peerless, 62½@66c. Sweet potatoes—Illinois, $1.50@2.25 per bbl. Cranberries—Jerseys, 2.50@3.75 per box. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections new stock, 13½@14c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c. Apples—Fair to choice, $2.50@3.75 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, March 25.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 31,000; sales ranged at $3.60@4.75 pigs, $4.55@4.90 light, $4.60@4.75 rough packing, $4.60@5.00 mixed, and $4.80@5.10 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day 16,500; quotations ranged at $5.85@6.35 choice to extra shipping steers, $5.25@5.65 good to choice do, $4.70@5.10 fair to good, $4.00@4.60 common to medium do, $3.90@4.30 butchers' steers, $2.65@3.60 stockers, $3.50@4.40 feeders, $1.50@3.60 cows, $2.00@5.00 heifers, $4.00@4.75 bulls, $3.00@5.00 Texas steers, and $2.50@5.50 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day 15,000; sales ranged at $2.75@4.80 westerns, $2.10@4.30 Texans, $2.00@4.85 natives, and $5.50@5.90 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, March 25.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 56c. No. 1 northern, 64½c; May, 57½c. Corn—No. 3, 41c. Oats—No. 2 white, 32@32½c; No. 3 white, 31½c. Barley—Nominal; No. 2, 52½c; samples, 54@62c. Rye—No. 1, 56c.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, March 25.

Wheat—Cash, 54¾c; March, 54¾c; May, 55c asked; July, 55c asked. Corn—Cash, 43¾c; March, 43¼c nominal; May, 43½c asked; July, 41¼c nominal. Oats—Cash, 30c bid; March, 30½c nominal; May, 30½c bid; June, 30½c bid; July, 29c bid.

STATE LAWMAKERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PROCEEDINGS IN THE LEGISLATURE.

What the Senators and Representatives Are Doing for the Benefit of Their Constituents—Bills and Resolutions Introduced—Other News of General Interest.

SPRINGFIELD, March 21.—The city civil service reform bill was the principal matter before the senate, and after Littler and Solomon had made vigorous speeches against the bill and against the principles on which it was based it passed with an emergency clause—38 to 10. The governor has signed it so that it can be acted upon it in cities at the April elections and the amendments he proposed will be adopted in a bill amendatory of the one just passed. The bill giving legislators $1,000 a session was amended to make the compensation $800 and sent to third reading.

The house refused to adopt the proposition to submit the question of a constitutional convention to the people. Snedeker introduced a bill to establish in every city of 10,000 population a free public employment office.

SPRINGFIELD, March 22.—Humphrey's bill legalizing pool-selling at race tracks and allowing racing for ninety days each year was passed by the senate, as was the bill relating to the assessment of building and loan association stock; also bills compelling the erection of fire escapes on all buildings as high as four stories; preventing the wrongful taking of news dispatches from wires. The resolution for the investigation of department stores at Chicago was adopted. The house sent to conference committee the military appropriation bill, the senate insisting on money to provide new uniforms for the militia. The resolution denouncing the Cleveland administration for its pension record was debated and postponed to next Wednesday, a substitute eulogizing all administrations on this point having been defeated.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., March 23.—In the house bills were introduced: To amend the civil service bill in conformity with the recommendation of Governor Altgeld that limits be put on the salaries of the officials created, etc.; limiting railroad fare within incorporated cities to 5 cents between all stations; to levy a tax on bachelors; providing a tax of 10 per cent. on the gross earnings of racing associations, and limiting racing to thirty days each year. Many other bills were introduced, it being the last day for introduction. Both houses adjourned to Monday afternoon, the senate adjourning without transacting any business.

SPRINGFIELD, March 26.—The only business transacted by the senate was the favorable report of the revenue bill. It was read the first time by title and advanced to the order of second reading. In the house there were less than thirty members present. A few house bills were read the first time.

ILLINOIS MINERS READY TO STRIKE.

Resolutions Adopted to Resist a Proposed Reduction in Wages.

SPRINGFIELD, March 26.—A delegate convention of the miners of the Springfield sub-district was held here in regard to the cut of prices made by the operators at the Sangamon Coal company's shafts, and the anticipated cut at all the mines on April 1. Though the miners' union is weak in this district, only five of the twenty-three mines being thoroughly organized, yet seventeen mines were represented, and each delegate declared that the men he represented would resist the reduction. Resolutions were adopted requesting all the miners in the district to refuse to work at any reduction of the present scale.

Opinions on Illinois Law.

SPRINGFIELD, March 23.—The attorney general has rendered the following opinions: But one assessment is made in the state, and that by the township assessors. Upon this assessment all municipal, township, state, school, county, highway and other taxes are based. One person cannot hold the office of justice of the peace and supervisor at the same time. The fact that a person may have his washing done in certain places does not make him a resident or voter there. Liquor dealers must comply with the state law and town ordinance regarding the sale of liquor; the general government cannot grant licenses against any state law or town ordinances.

Mrs. Kahn Will Not Be Hanged.

BELLEVILLE, Ills., March 25.—Anna Kahn, who was convicted of the murder of her husband, has been granted a new trial on the ground that in a murder case like this the male accessory is always more guilty than the female accomplice. She thereupon pleaded guilty, claiming, however, that she had not murdered her husband. Judge Wilberman then sentenced her to life imprisonment. Her accomplice, George Central, suffered the death penalty some months ago.

Killed by a Train.

JOLIET, Ills., March 25.—Joseph Perry's 12-year-old son was instantly killed on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad. He was walking along the track and stepped from one track to another to get out of the way of a passenger train and a freight train on the other track struck him.

Notes of the State.

The Future Coal company's mines at Breeze, Ills., will close down indefinitely owing to the strike.

Three men have been placed in jail at Springfield for robbing the postoffice at Hornsby, Ills., on March 9.

Miss Jane Addams has sent in a bid to clean the streets and alleys in the Nineteenth ward of Chicago, and she may be awarded the contract by Mayor Hopkins.

At Freeport, Ills., Judge Shaw sentenced Albert Fiken to the penitentiary for twelve years after he had pleaded guilty to attempting to murder Chris Myers.

A Chicago congregation after hearing Dr. Henson's condemnatory sermon rose enmasse in support of resolutions against the pending Illinois racing bill.

No Record of Milwaukee Marriages.

MILWAUKEE, March 25.—Mrs. Albert W. Peak, of South Bend, Ind., who was married here in 1882, began an inquiry through an attorney to get proof of her marriage, and it developed that Justice Harrington, now dead, had failed to record 150 certificates of marriages he had performed, and a doubt has arisen as to their legality.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Mar. 20.

Lewis Payne, a negro hermit known as "Uncle Frank," who lived in a cave in the rocks above Kanawha Falls, O., was found dead in his cave. He was believed to be nearly 100 years old.

The ice in the Missouri river has broken at Chamberlain, S. D., and is running out.

United States Senator-elect William J. Sewell, of New Jersey, will sail on the New York on April 10 for a tour of Europe. He will be absent three months.

It is reported that some $80,000 in bullion, has disappeared from the mint at Carson, but whether it is an actual shortage or only a clerical error is not yet known.

Chinese papers at Shanghai say that Admiral Ting, who was reported to have committed suicide, at Wei-Hai-Wei, is alive.

Fire at Burlington, Vt., destroyed J. R. Booth's wood-working shops and several other industrial plants, causing a loss of $300,000. A watchman named Millington was burned to death.

Thursday, Mar. 21.

A shortage of $60,000 has been discovered at the Carson (Nev.) mint, but who is responsible therefor has not yet been developed.

A systematic search for the wreck of the Chicora will be begun as soon as the ice is out of Lake Michigan.

The first annual reunion of newspaper correspondents who followed General Cozey's army on its long march, will be held at Massillon, O., on March 23. A large attendance of "The Argus Eyed Demons of Hell," as they have dubbed themselves, is expected.

Governor Altgeld has restored the rights of citizenship to Joseph Kelly, of Chicago.

Ecuador's insurrection has been suppressed.

The 91st birthday of General Neal Dow, the great American temperance reformer, was celebrated in the Western church, High Gate, London, by a throng of enthusiastic British teetotallers.

John Kurtz was burned to death and Tony Ketcham died from jumping out of a third story window at a fire in West Twenty-fifth street, New York city.

Friday, Mar. 22.

The Holstein-Friezian Association of America held its annual meeting at New York and elected these officers: President, D. F. Wilbur, Otsego, N. Y.; treasurer, W. Brown Smith, Syracuse; secretary, F. L. Houghton, Brattleboro, Vt.

Mrs. Amelia de Lano, of Brooklyn, whose late husband was United States consul in Foo Choo, China, believes that she is a granddaughter and one of the heirs of Chevalier Joseph St. Ledger de Harpart, of France, who is said to have left an estate valued at 5,000,000 francs.

Rev. Dr. Tulley, of New York, on his way to Greytown, is detained at Colon by a decree of the Nicaraguan government that ministers of religion shall not enter Nicaragua.

Mrs. Calvin Ross, of Shelbyville, Ind., was crippled for life by the discharge of a spring gun, which her husband had set in the cellar to catch thieves.

The governor of Montana has issued a proclamation forbidding the importation without inspection of sheep from Oregon, Nevada, California, Washington, Idaho, Colorado, Utah, Oklahoma and New Mexico because of danger of diseases.

Saturday, Mar. 23.

Ex-Mayor and ex-Congressman Richard Vaux died at his home from a severe attack of the grip, aged 78 years. He was the only American that ever danced with Queen Victoria.

A Michigan Federation of Women's Clubs has been organized with Miss Clara Avery, of Detroit, president.

James E. Ball, a well-to-do farmer, was killed near Perry, O. T. William Stovall is in jail charged with the shooting.

Chinese laundry employes at New York are organizing a union and propose to apply for admission to the Knights of Labor. It is reported that the Chinese Six companies is forming an opposition organization to embrace laundries all over the country.

Al Judd, a Des Moines gambler, was shot and killed by Mrs. Hailey Miller at Denver.

The log cut in the Minnesota pine region, which is about completed, is about one-fourth larger than that of last year.

A forest fire that has already burned over twenty-five acres of valuable timber is raging within two miles of Egg Harbor City, N. J.

Monday, Mar. 25.

A counterfeit 25-cent piece made largely of real silver is circulating at Baltimore. It is dated 1853 and can only be detected by an expert.

Judge Ricks has decided that when a foreign born woman is married to a citizen of this country she becomes a citoyenne, "as we say in French."

The residence of John F. Courter, at Tarentum, Pa., burned and Courter perished in the flames.

Because a commercial traveler was taken with smallpox in Arkansas every city on the line of railroads in the state except Little Rock has quarantined against all commercial travelers.

The general commanding the Missouri militia has resigned and officers of the Arkansas militia are taking the same step, because the legislatures of those states have not made such appropriations as were considered necessary for the support of the state troops.

Among the women who registered to vote at Wichita, Kas., was Mrs. Harriet McMurray, 115 years old.

The Magic Touch

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla. You smile at the idea. But if you suffer from

Dyspepsia

And Indigestion, try a bottle, and before you have taken half a dozen doses, you will involuntarily think, and no doubt exclaim,

"That Just Hits It!"

"That soothing effect is a magic touch!" Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates a natural, healthy desire for food, gives refreshing sleep, and in short, raises the health tone of the entire system. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Take Hood's Pills for Sick Headache.

FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

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CHAPTER X.

Perhaps it was as well for all parties that Frank Armitage concluded that he must have another whiff of tobacco that night as an incentive to the "think" he had promised himself. He had strolled through the park to the grove of trees out on the point and seated himself in the shadows. Here his reflections were speedily interrupted by the animated flirtations of a few couples, who, tiring of the dance, came out into the coolness of the night and the seclusion of the grove, where their murmured words and soft laughter soon gave the captain's nerves a strain they could not bear. He broke cover and betook himself to the very edge of the stone retaining wall out on the point.

He wanted to think calmly and dispassionately. He meant to weigh all he had read and heard and form his estimate of the gravity of the case before going to bed. He meant to be impartial, to judge her as he would judge any other woman so compromised, but for the life of him he could not. He bore with him the mute image of her lovely face, with its clear, truthful, trustful dark eyes. He saw her as she stood before him on the little porch when they shook hands on their laughing—or his laughing—compact, for she would not laugh. How perfect she was! Her radiant beauty, her uplifted eyes, so full of their self reproach and regret at the speech she had made at his expense! How exquisite was the grace of her slender, rounded form as she stood there before him, one slim hand half shyly extended to meet the cordial clasp of his own! He wanted to judge and be just, but that image dismayed him. How could he look on this picture and then on that, the one portrayed in the chain of circumstantial evidence which the colonel had laid before him? It was monstrous! It was treason to womanhood! One look in her eyes, superb in their innocence, was too much for his determined impartiality. Armitage gave himself a mental kick for what he termed his imbecility and went back to the hotel.

"It's no use," he muttered. "I'm a slave of the weed and can't be philosopher without my pipe."

Up to his little box of a room he climbed, found his pipecase and tobacco pouch, and in five minutes was strolling out to the point once more, when he came suddenly upon the night watchman, a personage of whose functions and authority he was entirely ignorant. The man eyed him narrowly and essayed to speak. Not knowing him, and desiring to be alone, Armitage pushed past and was surprised to find that a hand was on his shoulder and the man at his side before he had gone a rod.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the watchman gruffly, "but I don't know you. Are you stopping at the hotel?"

"I am," said Armitage coolly, taking his pipe from his lips and blowing a cloud over his other shoulder. "And who may you be?"

"I am the watchman, and I do not remember seeing you come today."

"Nevertheless I did."

"On what train, sir?"

"This afternoon's up train."

"You certainly were not on the omnibus when it got here."

"Very true. I walked over from beyond the schoolhouse."

"You must excuse me, sir. I did not think of that, and the manager requires me to know everybody. Is this Major Armitage?"

"Armitage is my name, but I'm not a major."

"Yes, sir; I'm glad to be set right. And the other gentleman—him as was inquiring for Colonel Maynard tonight? He's in the army, too, but his name don't seem to be on the book. He only came in on the late train."

"Another man to see Colonel Maynard?" asked the captain, with sudden interest. "Just come in, you say? I'm sure I've no idea. What was he like?"

"I don't know, sir. At first I thought you was him. The driver told me he brought a gentleman over who asked some questions about Colonel Maynard, but he didn't get aboard at the depot, and he didn't come down to the hotel—got off somewhere up there on the bench, and Jim didn't see him."

"Where's Jim?" said Armitage. "Come with me, watchman. I want to interview him."

Together they walked over to the barn, which the driver was just locking up after making everything secure for the night.

"Who was it inquiring for Colonel Maynard?" asked Armitage.

"I don't know, sir," was the slow answer. "There was a man got aboard as I was coming across the common there in the village at the station. There were several passengers from the train and some baggage, so he may have started ahead on foot, but afterward concluded to ride. As soon as I saw him get in I reined up and asked where he was going. He had no baggage nor nuthin, and my orders are not to haul anybody except people of the hotel, so he came right forward through the bus and took the seat behind me and said 'twas all right, he was going to the hotel, and he passed up a half dollar. I told him that I couldn't take the money—that bus fares were paid at the office—and drove ahead. Then he handed me a cigar, and pretty soon he asked me if there were many people, and who had the cottages, and when I told him he asked which was Colonel Maynard's, but he didn't say he knew him, and the next thing I knew was when we got here to the hotel he wasn't in the bus. He must have stepped back through all those passengers and slipped off up there on the bench. He was in it when we passed the little brown church up on the hill."

"What was he like?"

"I couldn't see him plain. He stepped out from behind a tree as we drove through the common and came right into the bus. It was dark in there, and all I know is he was tall and had on dark clothes. Some of the people inside must have seen him better, but they are all gone to bed, I suppose."

"I will go over to the hotel and inquire anyway," said Armitage, and did so. The lights were turned down, and no one was there, but he could hear voices chatting in quiet tones on the broad, sheltered veranda without, and going thither found three or four men enjoying a quiet smoke. Armitage was a man of action. He stepped at once to the group:

"Pardon me, gentlemen, but did any of you come over in the omnibus from the station tonight?"

"I did, sir," replied one of the party, removing his cigar and twitching off the ashes with his little finger, then looking up with the air of a man expectant of question.

"The watchman tells me a man came over who was making inquiries for Colonel Maynard. May I ask if you saw or heard of such a person?"

"A gentleman got in soon after we left the station, and when the driver hailed him he went forward and took a seat near him. They had some conversation, but I did not hear it. I only know that he got out again a little while before we reached the hotel."

"Could you see him and describe him? I am a friend of Colonel Maynard's, an officer of his regiment, which will account for my inquiry."

"Well, yes, sir. I noticed he was very tall and slim, was dressed in dark clothes and wore a dark slouched hat well down over his forehead. He was what I would call a military looking man, for I noticed his walk as he got off, but he wore big spectacles, blue or brown glass, I should say, and had a heavy beard."

"Which way did he go when he left the bus?"

"He walked northward along the road at the edge of the bluff, right up toward the cottages on the upper level," was the answer.

Armitage thanked him for his courtesy, explained that he had left the colonel only a short time before and that he was then expecting no visitor, and if one had come it was perhaps necessary that he should be hunted up and brought to the hotel; then he left the porch and walked hurriedly through the park toward its northernmost limit. There to his left stood the broad roadway along which, nestling under shelter of the bluff, was ranged the line of cottages, some two storied, with balconies and verandas, others low, single storied affairs, with a broad hallway in the middle of each and rooms on both north and south sides. Farthermost north on the row, almost hidden in the trees and nearest the ravine, stood Aunt Grace's cottage, where were domiciled the colonel's household. It was in the big bay windowed north room that he and the colonel had had their long conference earlier in the evening. The south room, nearly opposite, was used as their parlor and sitting room. Aunt Grace and Miss Renwick slept in the little front rooms north and south of the hallway, and the lights in their rooms were extinguished; so, too, was that in the parlor. All was darkness on the south and east. All was silence and peace as Armitage approached, but just as he reached the shadow of the stunted oak tree growing in front of the house his ears were startled by an agonized cry, a woman's half stifled shriek. He bounded up the steps, seized the knob of the door and threw his weight against it. It was firmly bolted within. Loud he thundered on the panels. "'Tis I—Armitage!" he called. He heard the quick patter of little feet, the bolt was slid, and he rushed in, almost stumbling against a trembling, terror stricken, yet welcoming white robed form—Alice Renwick, barefooted, with her glorious wealth of hair tumbling in dark luxuriance all down over the dainty nightdress—Alice Renwick, with pallid face and wild, imploring eyes.

"What is wrong?" he asked in haste.

"It's mother—her room—and it's locked and she won't answer," was the gasping reply.

Armitage sprang to the rear of the hall, leaned one second against the opposite wall, sent his foot with mighty impulse and muscled impact against the opposing lock, and the door flew open with a crash. The next instant Alice was bending over her senseless mother, and the captain was giving a hand in much bewilderment to the panting colonel, who was striving to clamber in at the window. The ministrations of Aunt Grace and Alice were speedily sufficient to restore Mrs. Maynard. A teaspoonful of brandy administered by the colonel's trembling hand helped matters materially. Then he turned to Armitage.

"Come outside," he said.

Once again in the moonlight the two men faced each other.

"Armitage, can you get a horse?"

"Certainly. What then?"

"Go to the station, get men, if possible, and head this fellow off. He was here again tonight, and it was not Alice he called, but my—but Mrs. Maynard. I saw him. I grappled with him right here at the bay window where she met him, and he hurled me to grass as though I'd been a child. I want a horse! I want that man tonight. How did he get away from Sibley?"

"Do you mean—do you think it was Jerrold?"

"Good God, yes! Who else could it be? Disguised, of course, and bearded, but the figure, the carriage, were just the same, and he came to this window—to her window—and called, and she answered. My God, Armitage, think of it!"

"Come with me, colonel. You are all unstrung," was the captain's answer as he led his broken friend away. At the front door he stopped one moment, then ran up the steps and into the hall, where he tapped lightly at the casement.

"What is it?" was the low response from an invisible source.

"Miss Alice?"

"Yes."

"The watchman is here now. I will send him around to the window to keep guard until our return. The colonel is a little upset by the shock, and I want to attend to him. We are going to the hotel a moment before I bring him home. You are not afraid to have him leave you?"

"Not now, captain."

"Is Mrs. Maynard better?"

"Yes. She hardly seems to know what has happened. Indeed none of us does. What was it?"

"A tramp, looking for something to eat, tried to open the blinds, and the colonel was out here and made a jump at him. They had a scuffle in the shrubbery, and the tramp got away. It frightened your mother. That's the sum of it, I think."

"Is papa hurt?"

"No; a little bruised and shaken and mad as a hornet. I think perhaps I'll get him quieted down and sleepy in a few minutes if you and Mrs. Maynard will be content to let him stay with me. I can talk almost any man drowsy."

"Mamma seems to worry for fear he is hurt."

"Assure her solemnly that he hasn't a scratch. He is simply fighting mad, and I'm going to try to find the tramp. Does Mrs. Maynard remember how he looked?"

"She could not see the face at all. She heard some one at the shutters and a voice and supposed, of course, it was papa and threw open the blind."

"Oh, I see! That's all, Miss Alice. I'll go back to the colonel. Good night!" And Armitage went forth with a lighter step.

"One sensation knocked endwise, colonel. I have it on the best of authority that Mrs. Maynard so fearlessly went to the window in answer to the voice and noise at the shutters simply because she knew you were out there somewhere, and she supposed it was you. How simple these mysteries become when a little daylight is let in on them, after all! Come, I'm going to take you over to my room for a stiff glass of grog, and then after his trampship while you go back to bed."

"Armitage, you seem to make very light of this night's doings. What is

He mounted a horse and trotted over to the railway station.

easier than to connect it all with the trouble at Sibley?"

"Nothing was ever more easily explained than this thing, colonel, and all I want now is a chance to get that tramp. Then I'll go to Sibley, and upon my word I believe that mystery can be made as commonplace a piece of larceny as this was of vagrancy. Come."

But when Armitage left the colonel at a later hour and sought his own room for a brief rest he was in no such buoyant mood. A night search for a tramp in the dense thickets among the bluffs and woods of Sablon could hardly be successful. It was useless to make the attempt. He slept but little during the cool August night and early in the morning mounted a horse and trotted over to the railway station.

"Has any train gone northward since last night?" he inquired at the office.

"None that stops here," was the answer. "The first train up comes along at 11:56."

"I want to send a dispatch to Fort Sibley and get an answer without delay. Can you work it for me?"

The agent nodded and pushed over a package of blanks. Armitage wrote rapidly as follows:

Captain Chester, Commanding Fort Sibley:
Is Jerrold there? Tell him I will arrive Tuesday. Answer. F. ARMITAGE.

It was along toward 9 o'clock when the return message came clicking in on the wires, was written out and handed to the tall soldier with the tired blue eyes.

He read, started, crushed the paper in his hand and turned from the office. The answer was significant:

Lieutenant Jerrold left Sibley yesterday afternoon. Not yet returned. Absent without leave this morning. CHESTER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHOSHONE FALLS.

Phenomena Which Give Rise to Stories About This Wonderland.

Strange stories are told of phenomena that appear at the Shoshone falls. Sometimes when the air is perfectly still the spray arises several hundred feet above the walls of the canyon and can be seen on the plains at a considerable distance. Then for days and weeks at a time there is scarcely any spray at all. Often the whole canyon around the falls will be filled with spray, and every bark and rock will drip with moisture. Again it will be as clear as a frosty night under the same conditions from influences that no one has been able to discover or explain.

Often above the monotone of the falling waters weird sounds may be heard unlike any that were ever named and can be compared to no other, and again from time to time a sudden throbbing is audible, measured by regular intervals, like the beating of a human pulse. These, too, proceed from no apparent cause, and science has been unable to solve their mistery.

At the crest of the highest rock in the center of the Shoshone falls is the nest of an eagle, and for 34 years the same bird has come regularly on the 26th, 27th or 28th of March to repair and reoccupy it and raise a brood of young. Charley Walgomet first noticed her when he located here in 1860. The nest was standing then, and as long as he lived there, until five years ago, he kept a record of her reappearance. She never varied more than three days in her arrival. Since his time the record has been kept by others, who testify to the same regularity.

The spray from the falls carries a sediment which clings like frost to the windows of the little hotel and can be scraped off with a knife. Mr. Keller, who keeps the place, says that they clean the glass every spring by laying the sashes flat and pouring upon them a solution of vinegar and salt. After they have soaked for three or four days the coating can be wiped off with a cloth, but in a few weeks the glass is covered again, as if it was frosted. The scrapings look like the dust of lime. The same sediment clings to the leaves of the trees and vegetables that are grown around the place and can be scraped off the rocks and the face of the bare clay. —Chicago Record.

Mackay's Trick.

Millionaire Mackay tells a story of a contest he had with one of his foremen. The foreman was something of a naturalist and trained one of the enormous grasshoppers of the west, as Mark Twain trained his frog, until he could jump about ten feet. Then he interested Mr. Mackay in the insect. Mr. Mackay went out and caught some hoppers and backed them against the record breaker, with the result that he was beaten every time. Then he became determined to win and sent several of the hands out to hunt for the strongest jumpers they could find. But all to no purpose until one day he discovered a wet spot on the table near where the foreman's hopper had sat. Investigating the matter, he found that the spot was very strong ammonia, that the foreman had a vial of ammonia with a dropper in his sleeve, and that a drop of the ammonia made a grasshopper jump hard enough to beat the record every time. So Mr. Mackay provided himself with a dropper and then went to another battle. The same morning he managed to get hold of the foreman's dropper, emptied it and filled it with chloroform, instead of ammonia, and then kept the foreman with him until the last minute. The grasshoppers were brought forth, and Mr. Mackay's flew through space, while the foreman's only heaved and heaved, finally rolling over and going to sleep. It was not until the third contest that the foreman found out the trick.

A Woman's Revenge.

A man of the world was wont to call not infrequently upon a young widow. One day the pretty maid at the door announced that her mistress was out of town. On some pretext, however, the man entered. He also talked to the maid. Some days later, knowing that the lady had returned, he called again. He was a bit surprised when a strange maid met him at the door and showed him to the little reception room. While she carried his card up the stairs he reflected that she was not so dainty as her predecessor, and she was not so pretty, though her uniform was similar, and her cap was as stiff and her apron as spotless. He was realizing how much more the woman is to the dress than the dress is to the woman when the maid returned and announced promptly: "Mrs. —— is not receiving." The man of the world bit his lip—it was the first time he had ever been denied admittance—and moved toward the door. The maid held it open for him, and as he passed through it she blurted out, "And she says, if you please, sir, the maids receive in the kitchen, sir."—Illustrated American.

Plum Pudding Thin.

A story has got into print of a Frenchman who, eating plum pudding for the first time, was so pleased with the dish that he begged his English hostess to give him the recipe for it. This she did, and he took it home for an early test at his own mahogany. His wife, on learning his enthusiasm, elected to surprise him one day, and the dish was served at dessert in a soup tureen and in soup plates. Not recognizing the mixture, the master of the house asked what it was and was told it was "ploom pooding." When he disputed this, he was confronted with his own recipe. Alas! the lady who gave it to him had forgotten the cloth. All the ingredients had been put, according to directions, into a pan of boiling water, had been cooked the prescribed time, and the result was—soup.—New York Times.

ON THE RIVIERA.

Democracy of Distinguished People as It Appears to a Plain American.

Ballard Smith writes to the New York World from Beaulieu: This narrow little strip of France—40 miles or so from Cannes to Mentone and not above four or five miles wide anywhere between the blue sea and the practically impassable mountain chain beyond—might be called during any winter season the Republic of the Great From All Lands.

The democratic fashion of it is a little startling to the newcomer. You may sit at the next table in a restaurant to an ex-president of the republic. You may come suddenly in a public pathway upon an emperor and empress walking arm in arm together; you sit in the next chair in a hotel meeting room to the great ex-premier of England. Politicians from all countries, serene highnesses from every monarchy in the world, great artists—their faces become as familiar to you as those of the conventional people whom most of us have the fortune only to be brought in daily contact with.

It has happened to me, a very plain American citizen, to have had the three experiences mentioned above within the space of 24 hours, together with some others as interesting, and the fortune of it all, the reader being the judge of what measure of fortune it is, may come to any other plain citizen of any land who forms a part of this little republic within a republic.

In a former letter I described how absolutely democratic is the daily walk here of Casimir-Perier, until only the other day president of France.

In the rotunda of the Hotel Cape Martin we are to see a greater man than any hereditary king or emperor or potentate of today, of yesterday, of the century. Luncheon is just over when Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone come down from their rooms and take seats among the other guests before the fire, awaiting their carriage. The venerable statesman looks much older and more worn than when I saw him in London as he started for the Riviera.

The arduous journey in the bitter cold weather which met him in France and its extraordinary continuance here in the Riviera have evidently been most prejudicial to him. He walked very feebly to his carriage, escorted on the one side by his faithful wife and on the other by the hardly less faithful Mr. George Armistead—many times millionaire, who seems to have no object in life beyond this friendship and almost constant attendance—and now for the first time in his adult life looks all his age.

I had come to the hotel hoping that Mr. Gladstone might wish to say something more to the American public on the prospects of home rule in Ireland, but Mr. Armistead pleads that the statesman is in too feeble condition to talk upon politics, and that his restoration to health demands absolute rest from all political concerns for the present.

The ex-Empress Eugenie is another guest at the hotel, except that she occupies a cottage in the grounds, and she, too, takes her daily walk abroad with a single attendant, or more often alone. She also seems very feeble and looks very old, supporting herself with a strong crutch stick. She has lost every trace of her former beauty and graceful carriage.

END OF AN OLD THEATER.

A Stage on Which the Booths Acted to Make Way For a Furniture Store.

The Richmond theater, the oldest playhouse in this city and one of the oldest in the country, will very probably in a few days be converted into a furniture store.

Some of the greatest actors this country ever produced began their career upon the stage of the Richmond theater, and it was at one time the home of the best stock company in the United States, of which John Wilkes Booth was a member. The late Edwin Booth and William Florence both began their careers on this stage, and Creston Clarke, a nephew of Booth, made his first appearance at this theater.

Before the war it was known as the Marshall theater. In 1862 it was destroyed by fire and was rebuilt, the materials being brought through the blockade. The scenery for the new building was brought from England. The building is now out of repair and unfit for a place of amusement, though it has been conducted as such up to the present time. —Richmond Dispatch.

A Senseless Flirt.

At one of the suburban stations along the line of the Reading railroad an enterprising soap manufacturer has erected a factory and warehouse. Facing the railroad is the large bulk window of the main salesroom. In this window one day a few weeks ago there appeared to the riders on the early morning trains a very pretty girl, who appeared to have paused in the midst of her labor of washing the window to flirt with the travelers. Nearly every male rider who saw her proceeded to flirt with her, and the male riders on all trains that passed during the day did the same. In fact, she has been flirted with ever since, although most of the regular riders have long since learned that the beautiful young girl in the window is but a waxen figure.—Philadelphia Record.

Working a New Trick on Farmers.

Farmers in the vicinity of Frankfort are being caught on the billboard privilege racket. Two men paint a sign on the farmer's fence and give him a few dollars to guarantee them that no one else will be permitted to paint sign over them. The farmer is asked to sign a receipt acknowledging the payment of the money in order that they can return the same to their employer. The receipt which he signs turns out to be a promissory note for $200 or $500, as the case may be.—Indianapolis News.

THE VANDERBILT DIVORCE.

An Example of the Most Pernicious Character Imaginable.

The method by which the Vanderbilt divorce was arranged is a scandal to our jurisprudence. Worse than that, it is an influence for the degradation of public morals and the breaking down of the popular sense of right and wrong.

Practically Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt divorced themselves. There was no hearing before a court. The parties did not appear before the tribunal. There was no public proof of infidelity on either side to serve as a punishment to the guilty party or as a deterrent influence in the case of others. The whole matter was arranged by dicker. The only function of the court was to give legal effect to the terms of the bargain.

Is it, then, the privilege of the rich to annul their marriages at pleasure by mutual agreement? The law, rigidly enforced against all ordinary citizens, prescribes that collusion between husband and wife shall be an effectual and peremptory bar to divorce. Yet this rich man and woman have sent their lawyers into court with a collusive agreement already made; the court has suppressed the evidence agreed to be presented by sending the case to a referee instead of hearing it in open session; the referee has made a report in accordance with the terms of the dicker; the court has affirmed it, ordering the papers sealed so that there may be no scandal—which means simply that the guilty party shall be spared all social shame and inconvenience—and the terms of the collusive agreement have been embodied in a decree which authorizes one party to marry again at pleasure and imposes upon the other a prohibition of marriage which is as ineffectual as a bull against a comet.

In saying this we do not mean to reflect upon Justice Barrett. He is a judge whose eminent learning and conspicuous service are properly appreciated by the community. But in this matter he is the instrument of a vicious system which prevails, we believe, only in New York and which certainly does not obtain in most of the other states.

Unless we accept the unclean doctrine of free love, marriage and divorce are not in any sense private matters. The family relation lies at the very foundation of society. Divorce equally with marriage is a matter of public concern and should be decreed only after a public hearing and public proof of statutory cause.

A case of this kind sets an example of the most pernicious character imaginable. It means to the majority that there is one law for the rich and another for the rest of us. It means that if you have money enough your marriage vows may count for nothing. It means that your misconduct will be carefully guarded against exposure by all the authority the courts possess. It means that while collusive divorce proceedings are peremptorily thrown out of court in the case of ordinary persons a multimillionaire and his wife may arrange such a proceeding in full assurance that it will be ratified by the courts, and that all the scandalous details will be securely hidden beneath the sacred seal of the tribunal.—New York World.

A ROYAL DORCAS ANNOYED.

The Princess of Wales Overwhelmed by Indigent Centenarians.

A kindly act of charity privately performed by the Princess of Wales without a thought of advertisement is now causing her much inconvenience. Some weeks ago the attention of the princess was drawn to the sadly destitute condition of a Mrs. Thomas, a centenarian living at Burryport, and the ancient dame was made happy by a handsome donation. This came to the knowledge of the local reporters, who naturally boomed royal benevolence. The result is that the princess is simply overwhelmed with applications for assistance on behalf of aged men and women and to judge from her correspondence there must be thousands of centenarians in this happy country.

Public notice has been given that the princess can give no more, but the stream of letters continues to flow to Marlborough House and Sandringham, and Miss Knollys, the chief private secretary, has been driven to devise a lithographed form of regretful refusal. Many of the applications are undoubtedly genuine. One from Llanelly, Wales, for instance, is accompanied by documentary evidence that Mrs. Elizabeth Morris attained her one hundred and fourth birthday on last Tuesday, but there are a good many undeniable attempts to swindle the royal Dorcas.—London Letter.

Mustaches Prohibited.

This is the rule at the well known banking house of Messrs. Coutts & Co., 59 Strand. None of the bank clerks wears mustaches, and it has long been considered a point of business etiquette that all the gentlemen employed at the bank should wear frock coats during business hours. A clerkship at Messrs. Coutts' is considered one of the prizes in the banking profession. Some of the men are university graduates, many have been educated at one of the great public schools, while several have been called to the English bar. Some years ago an attempt was made to have the unwritten law regarding mustaches rescinded, but it was found that a greater number preferred the old custom to remain in force than were in favor of its abolition.

This curious custom is also said to prevail in some of the large teahouses in the city, while it is well known that some Church of England bishops prefer the curates under their charge to be clean shaven. A lady who tried about three years ago to enforce a shaved face on the groom in her employment, and dismissed him at once because he refused compliance with her order, found that the law gave her no such power and was mulcted in £5 for wrongful dismissal and the costs of the action by the judge of the Bedford county court.—London Standard.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, MARCH 30, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Charley's Aunt."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Kellar.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—The Lilliputians.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Francis Wilson.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The War of Wealth."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—The Bostonians.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—"The Rising Generation."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"Duffy's Blunders."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

SECRETARY GRESHAM'S TROUBLES.

Secretary Gresham appears to have fallen on evil days. He is, now, more or less embroiled with most of the European powers. Spain, whose gunboat wantonly fired on our flag, and of whom apology has been demanded, is slow in complying with the Secretary's mandate. England is not satisfactory in her dealings with the government of Venezuela, and other Latin-American countries, and seems bent upon putting the Monroe doctrine to a strong test. France has, according to published reports, dealt hard with an American consul in Madagascar, subjecting him to outrage, courtmartial and twenty years imprisonment. Canada is pressing for payment of the Bering Sea award, and, in fact, no matter where we may turn there is a war cloud "no bigger than a man's hand," but very likely to spread, on the horizon.

Now, we believe in maintaining the honor of the flag against all comers, but we can hardly afford to have half the world against us at the same time. The contract is too big, unless we have strong allies, and, besides, a general and devastating war is not agreeable to the American nature, which, although martial, is not bloodthirsty, and prefers the paths of peace and commerce to those of strife and carnage. Secretary Gresham's demand upon Spain was hardly more severe than the case deserved, and he cannot recede from the position he assumed without dishonor to himself and the country which he represents. The very least Spain can do is to apologize for the affront put upon our national ensign by some arrogant subordinate who supposes that the land of Ferdinand and Isabella is still capable of cowing a first-class power—when put to it—like the United States. If Spain refuses to make reparation, then we agree, with Senator Frye of Maine, that we should concentrate our land and sea forces in Spanish West Indies, and seize upon Cuba without delay. That island belongs to us of right. It lies at our very gates and should not be in the possession of any foreign power; and the same is true of all the islands on our Atlantic seaboard. Of course, if Spain apologizes, the casus belli will be ended, but is likely to arise again at any time, as the revolution in Cuba continues to spread, and it will be utterly impossible for our government to prevent the smuggling of men and munitions of war from this country to the insurgent island. While ever Cuba remains under Spanish rule, we are always in danger of trouble with Spain.

England's lust for territory may cause a great deal of trouble in Central and South America. The latter country, particularly, offers a vast field for commercial enterprise, and the possession by England of the mouth of the mighty Orinoco river would give her control of one of the greatest waterways of the earth. This the United States cannot permit, and should England remain obstinate, war will almost certainly result. If the British are peacefully allowed to have their own way, there's an end of the Monroe doctrine, and of our influence in South American affairs. Great Britain will continue to encroach on the weaker republics until she re-enacts in South America the drama she has so successfully played in India.

As regards the reported French outrage in Madagascar, we suppose that, on investigation, it will be found that the American victim committed, perhaps without criminal intention, some overt act. We have heard only one side of the story as yet. Explanations, certainly, should not be delayed, but it is entirely probable that the French government, which, in the nature of things, must feel friendly to this republic, will make immediate reparation for any injury that has been inflicted upon one of our citizens.

THE CITY CAMPAIGN.

The city political campaign appears to be arousing a very lively interest in nearly all citizens of Chicago. Hon. George B. Swift, Republican candidate for mayor, has been making a brave and brilliant canvass, as is his wont, and feels assured that he is going to win by an overwhelming majority. Mr. Frank Wenter, his Democratic opponent, has been very active also, and, as a matter of course, claims victory for himself. He has, undoubtedly, made a much stronger battle than was at first expected from him. Adam Wolf and John S. Cooke, the leading candidates for the city treasurership, have been up and doing day and night. Mr. Cooke is one of the best known men in Chicago, and is entirely self-made. He came to America from Ireland when a lad of 16, and made Chicago his home. By patience, perseverence, untiring industry and real business genius, he has become president of the Cooke Brewing Company, one of the largest establishments of the kind in the Northwest. Mr. Wolf is a young business man of tried ability, not nearly as widely known, however, as his formidable competitor.

The other candidates have been already mentioned. James R. B. Van Cleave and William Mangler, Republican and Democratic candidates respectively for the office of city clerk, are both excellent speakers and men of affairs. The same may be said of the youthful Roy West and the well trained George Trude, who are running for the city attorneyship. The judicial candidates, Messrs. Neeley and Jampolis, are both very well known in the law courts, where they have practiced successfully for many years.

On account of his celebrated run against the incumbent mayor, when the issue was so close that it took some time to decide it, public sympathy is very strongly with Mr. George B. Swift, who is as well equipped for the mayoral chair as the ablest that has preceded him in that important and onerous office. Mr. Swift, during a long business career in Chicago, has fully exemplified the pluck, skill and energy of American commercial life, and, if elected, will carry all his great executive qualities with him for the benefit of the whole people of this city.

We must say, in closing, that both the leading tickets are especially clean. There is no man on either who is not a good and worthy citizen.

ROSEBERY TO RETIRE.

It is wonderful how handily an ailment comes to the aid of a British premier when he finds himself in deep water. The retirement of Gladstone found a very plausible excuse in the necessity for a heroic operation on his eyes, but all who had watched his tricky game saw plainly that this was not the real reason for his resignation. We have no doubt that his eyes were getting a bit dim; old age and wickedness bring many troubles to mankind, but the "Grand Old Fraud" was clear-sighted enough to see that he had reached the end of his rope and must get out as gracefully as possible. There has been no man in European politics who loved public life, power and political activity more than Gladstone did; probably none as well. The air of Westminster hall was the very breath of his nostrils. He would have found time for a vacation during which to deal with his eyes and a pliant substitute to keep his place on the ministerial benches warm for him until he returned, had he not been convinced beyond hope that the Liberal party was approaching dissolution and no longer offered an instrument for active and constructive statesmanship. Now comes the news that Rosebery is about to throw up his job as premier, ostensibly on account of the collapse of his health, but really on account of his failure to manage and control his party. Along with this we are told that Sir William Vernon Harcourt will accept the speakership of the house of commons. The latter item is significant of the gloom surrounding the Liberal party. Harcourt cannot regard the speakership of the commons as a promotion from chancellor of the exchequer, and if there were a reasonable chance of that party returning to power after the next election, Harcourt would not willingly give up the opportunity of becoming the first man in the British Empire, for he is today the most popular man with the masses of the Liberal party, of both factions, and could easily insist on the first place if the party had it at its disposal.

Here we have a nice broken reed for the Home Rulers to lean upon. A party that no man of influence will figure in as leader. Will the Irish people never ee the futility of depending on agitation among the foes of their country and waiting for Englishmen to turn over and bury all their traditions by giving power to the country to make its own laws? While the sun shines in the sky the English will never give one beneficial measure to Ireland that they are not compelled to grant; and the sooner we understand that fact the better it will be for all of us.

MADDEN AND WALKER.

Perhaps in no quarter of the city is politics so lively as in the great Fourth Ward, where Ald. M. B. Madden and the Hon. Frank Walker are having the most earnest battle of the season. Mr. Madden has held the office of alderman for successive terms, and, although now a leading Republican, ran for the aldermanship on the Democratic ticket not many years ago. He is an able man, but, like all such, has raised up against him political enemies, even in his own party, who are backing Mr. Walker's candidacy with all their strength. Frank Walker, the noted lawyer, received the Democratic nomination and then the indorsement of the Civic Federation. The meetings held in Douglas Hall, Indiana avenue and Thirty-fifth street, which is about the centre of the disturbance, are packed as no meetings of the kind had ever been before, and Mr. Madden, who started in with calm reliance on the great Republican majority in his ward, is now compelled to do some very hard work in order to keep the aldermanic laurels on his brow.

BISMARCK AND THE GERMANS.

The veteran statesman of Germany, Prince Bismarck, who was recently refused congratulations by the German reichstag on the approach of his 80th birthday, is still a favorite with a large number of his countrymen. The young Emperor was highly shocked by the insult given the old man, and hastened to condole with him by means of the telegraph. On Monday over 400 members of the reichstag and Prussian diet, together with many other distinguished people of Germany, proceeded to Friedericksrhue to congratulate the ex-Iron Chancellor, and were hospitably received by Prince Bismarck and his sons, Herbert and William. In responding to the addresses of congratulation, Bismarck said in part:

"I should to some extent be ashamed of the great honor, but that I feel it is not intended for me alone but also for the task accomplished in which I assisted and for the political objects we thereby gained. Your presence is evidence of the satisfaction of the great parliamentary bodies of the country with our success during the last decade after severe struggles, successes which, although incomplete, we admit, were the best we could attain. The compliment you pay me I must share with others. It is a source of immense satisfaction to me that I must share it with my former (now dead) colleague, and must share it with many others."

The aged ex-Chancellor paused, manifesting intense emotion, with tears in his eyes, as his thoughts reverted to the past. His listeners were deeply affected as they stood silently for fully half a minute waiting for him to proceed. When he spoke again he said: "Above all, I must share it with my (another long pause) old master, Emperor William, of blessed memory." This remark of the Prince was greeted with loud and prolonged applause. When quiet had been restored Prince Bismarck said:

"What could I have done without him and his army? I should have remained in the same swamp that the leaders of all former national efforts encountered who were actuated by errors in that they ignored the power of German sovereignty and dynasty. From the best view point in the years following 1848, that was an error. Our dynasties are, thank God, still strong in their roots, each in its own land, and this is especially the case with the great military force which the king of Prussia undoubtedly has the power to place at the service of the national will. That was my endeavor directly I in the capacity of ambassador to Frankfort observed the state of the political situation. We therefore are indebted to the old Emperor and his allies far more than any minister or chancellor could have done for us. If the treaties signed by the federal governments had not borne their signatures these treaties would not have existed.

"If the King had not issued his mobilization order in 1866 and 1870 what would have happened? And remember that the dynasties have been far more injured by us in the course of history, not intentional, but as the result of passing events, than by any parliamentary faction in our peaceful times. We fought fiercely with the Bavarians and Saxons, yet directly there was common need for the support of the Empire's people their help was given to us with the greatest readiness. All political differences, all rivalries, and all open or secret intrigues belong only to certain party factions. The others are more concerned with the national interests which are connected with the sovereign and dynasty of the country. We have fought to such an extent that the dogs have licked the blood of the slain, yet we now shake hands and march together against the enemies of our country. This is the way our dynasties act as compared with our party factions. I hope you will take a lesson therefrom. As long as we are able to reckon upon this national sentiment we need have no fear of our being involved in any difficulty which may arise from party division. I should be glad if more support was given to the national will in the diet and individual States, just as it has been supported by the reigning dynasty. We cannot in Germany exist as two separate kingdoms as Sweden and Norway, which live together under one dynasty. We are Prussians, Bavarians and Saxons. We are Germans. To remain so we must study the country's interest in our diets, especially regarding the policy to be pursued in the Empire. We specially must not ignore this."

It will be seen by the sentiments of Bismarck that he is still the same imperial federalist he ever was, and insists that all the States of Germany, great and small, must be perpetually subservient to the interests of the Empire. He recognizes the subordinate nationality of Bavaria, Saxony and the other States, which would not be content to be called by any other than the generic German name, except in their secondary capacity as individual kingdoms or principalities. The Bavarians and Saxons, for example, would never stand being called Prussians, and of course the latter, who are among the proudest people of the world—the English of the Continent—would not submit to be designated otherwise than as Prussians or Germans. This is a good deal the way with our own American States, when the Illinoisan, the Georgian or the New Englander is covered by the broader and more glorious name of American.

Prince Bismarck is, beyond question, the greatest European since Napoleon, although in a somewhat different line; but it seems to us that there is a spirit abroad in Germany which has little love for the traditions of the House of Hohenzollern, and which will ultimately convert the great Empire into a greater republic—a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

WANTED—A NOVELIST.

What is the reason that the new Irish literary movement is not bringing out a first-class novelist among its many clever writers? Most of the people engaged in that praiseworthy work are giving their time to the collection of poems of obscure authors, the compilation of old tales and songs and the rewriting of old legends. While these are all patriotic enough in their way, the field of the historical novel is left uncultivated. The only man, who can be called an Irish Celt, engaged in writing novels for the world at large is Conan Doyle; none of the others has yet succeeded in reaching all classes.

There is nothing to reach the world at large like a fine novel. Irish novel writing is not popular with the reading world, and an author who writes exclusively for the Irish people can never hope to reach the general reader. If Conan Doyle were to take up an Irish subject now, and treat it in his masterly way, he would without doubt, succeed in getting people of literary taste interested in it. This is the plan, therefore, for our young Irish authors to adopt. Let them first make a general reputation and then they can, if they are not spoiled in the meantime, apply their talents to the cause of their native country and make her traditions, her legends, and above all, her glorious history, familiar to the world. The Irish Walter Scott has yet to come. That an author who chooses Irish subjects can win the ear of the world for his cause by mere force of genius is impossible, as anyone who has ever been thoroughly identified with Irish movements can believe.

Let the novelist take a wider range than that which is afforded by Ireland. Conan Doyle was correct in his "White Company" and other stories, in this respect. Let him create a general interest in his writings by making them interesting to all; then the world will be prepared to listen to whatever he may choose to say on the subject of Ireland. Such a writer can do more good for the Irish cause than all who are at present engaged in compiling little volumes of local poetry written by the village rhymester, or the writer of ancient legends, supposed to be translations from some bard of the olden time. The historical novelist who can gain the attention of the world for an Irish subject is wanted. Who will it be?

BISHOP KEANE, rector of the Catholic University of America at Washington, lectured on "The American of the Future" at Central Music Hall last Tuesday evening, to a large audience.

MR. WILLIAM J. MCALLISTER is candidate for South Town clerk. He is a young gentleman who has many friends and gives promise of great ability.

IRISH AMERICAN LYCEUM.

The regular monthly meeting of the Irish-American Lyceum will be held on Monday evening, April 8, at Columbia Hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets. Mr. John T. Keating, State President of the A.O.H., will deliver an address on the "Irish Congresses," which will be followed by a debate on "Should Another Irish Congress be Held? If so, When and Where?" Several other literary numbers will be on the programme. Free admission tickets on application to John J. Sherlock, secretary, Nos. 1 and 2 Dix street.

Stern's Challenge Sale.

The attention of our readers is called to "Stern's Challenge Sale," advertised in another column. Advantage ought to be taken of his unusually low prices. Stern's is known throughout the city as a first-class clothing establishment.

SEVENTH INFANTRY.

The Second Battalion's musical and literary entertainment and military ball, which took place at the regimental armory on Saturday evening, March 16, was a complete success, socially as well as financially. Mr. William Cunnea, as chairman of the evening, in a short opening address stated what the Seventh Infantry was and what it is going to be in a short time—the largest and best body of soldiers in America. He also expressed delight at seeing such a large and representative audience present, notwithstanding the numerous entertainments which were being held on that night.

The programme for the evening was opened by violin and flute selections by Corporal Charles Leonard and Private Thomas Carroll. They were repeatedly encored, as were also selections of Irish airs by the Seventh Regiment Band. The next number on the programme was a song by Mr. Frank Egan, whose fine voice was heard to perfection in the large armory. Mrs. Maggie Sullivan's rendition of the "Last Rose of Summer" was everything that the most critical audience could desire, and she was repeatedly encored.

The feature of the evening was the oration on "The Irish-American Soldier," by Judge John Gibbons, who was received by storms of applause. He spoke like one who was well acquainted with his subject. He commenced with the revolutionary war, when Irishmen fought and bled to rescue this country from English tyranny and establish an American republic, and concluded with the great civil war, where the great-grand-children of those who fought to establish this republic, fought again to preserve it intact. The speaker closed his remarks by entreating the members of the Seventh to follow in the footsteps of Meagher, Shields, and Sheridan, and to prove again, if it ever should become necessary, that the Irishmen of today are just as good citizens of this republic as Sheridan, Shields, and the other Irish heroes who shed their heart's blood on the field of battle that the republic might live. The speaker was frequently interrupted by applause.

Prof. John R. Carroll's legerdemain and mind-reading were very good, and Prof. Kayne's ventriloquism added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

Lieut-Colonel Pelouse presented the medals won last year by the members of the regiment for good marksmanship. The names of those who won sharpshooters badges are: Corporals Kelly, Leonard and Coyne; Col. Colby, Majors Carroll and McGrath; Capts. Carroll, Sisk, and Hyland; Lieuts. Moran, Cassidy, and Malley; Corporal Ed. Tobin. Lieut. R. Henry received a marksman's badge.

Several extra numbers, not on the programme, were rendered as a surprise; one of which was the presentation of a handsome sabre to Major J. J. Carroll by the officers of the Second Battalion. No one was more surprised than the Major, who was escorted to the stage by Capts. Sisk and Duhig. The Major, in a few well chosen words, thanked the officers for their present, and said whether it was drawn for the purpose of placing the Green Flag of Ireland where it properly belonged, or in defending "Old Glory," it would never be stained with dishonor.

At 12 o'clock exactly the floor was cleared, and the junior officer of the regiment, Lieut. Joseph Moore, marched out of headquarters bearing the Green Flag, which was saluted by the line officers of the regiment with naked swords, and afterwards escorted by them around the hall, the band playing "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

Dancing began immediately after saluting the flag. Maj. Carroll and Miss M. Sullivan led the grand march, in which over 100 couples participated.

Among those present were noticed Gen. Wheeler, Col. Pelouse, Col. Moulton of the Second Regiment, Lieut-Col. Lawson, First Regiment; Major Dusenberry, Second Regiment; Lieut. Baker, Twelfth United States Infantry; Mayor Hopkins and Chief Brennan.

The Second Battalion is indebted to the following gentlemen, who, by taking tickets, helped to make the entertainment a financial success: George B. Swift, $10; Swift & Co., $5; James S. Kirk & Co., $2.50; W. J. Hynes, $2.50; Henry Ganey, $2.50; Flanders & Zimmerman, $2.50; John Sexton, $1.

OBITUARY.

MR. MATHEW W. HARDIN.

Mr. Mathew W. Hardin died at his residence, 449 West Twelfth street, on the 23d inst., after a lingering illness, aged 26 years. Deceased was a son of Mr. Mark Hardin, the undertaker, of 432 West Twelfth street, and was in business with his father. About a year ago Mr. Hardin had a severe attack of pneumonia, from which he never fully recovered. He went South and remained several months, returning home last fall much improved in health, but the long and severe winter caused him to fail rapidly until he finally succumbed to the dread malady. He leaves a young widow and three small children, besides his affectionate parents, two brothers and three sisters to mourn his loss. The funeral took place from the residence to the Jesuit Church last Tuesday, where a solemn requiem high mass was offered, and a eulogy on the life of the deceased was delivered by Father Weinman which touched the hearts of the large congregation. The funeral cortege was one of the largest ever seen in that parish, and proceeded to Calvary by carriages. The pallbearers were: Joseph Cullerton, John McGarr, Mark Cullen, John Wolf, Capt. Edward Burns, James Donovan, Patrick Henry, John McGourty.

MR. EDWARD M'DONALD'S FUNERAL.

Mr. Edward McDonald, the father of Michael C. and Edward S. McDonald, was buried Tuesday at Mount Olivet. The funeral, which was conducted at St Jarlath's church, was attended by many prominent men. The following acted as pallbearers: William Fitzgerald, Robert Calladisne, Patrick Casey, Edward Walker, Calvin Page and Con T. Murphy. Daniel O'Connor, of Niagara Falls, who was the boyhood friend of the deceased, followed behind the casket when the latter was being transferred from the house to the hearse. Services at the church were conducted by Father Cashman, assisted by Fathers Cox and Doyle.

MRS. HONORA KAVANAGH.

Mrs. Honora Kavanagh, after a much prolonged illness, died at the residence of her son, Thomas F. Kavanagh, 183 Jackson boulevard, on the 26th ult. Mrs. Kavanagh was a native of New Ross, county Wexford, Ireland. She came with her family to Canada in 1860 and settled in Toronto; but she never lost her love or patriotism for the land of her birth. She often took an active part in matters pertaining to the assistance or advancement of the Irish people, and was the first to start the subscription list to the Father Lavelle fund for the benefit of the poor of Ireland. Mention of her donations and collections has often been made in the Irish-Canadian papers. She came to Chicago twenty years ago, and has lived quietly during her declining years, but was highly esteemed by her immediate friends. Mrs. Kavanagh had the distinguished honor, which few now living can claim, of having preserved inviolable to the end Father Mathew's pledge obtained from his own hands.

The funeral took place from St. Patrick's church, where high mass was sung by the choir, assisted by Mrs. John McCabe and D. J. Shea of the Holy Name choir, thence by carriages to Calvary, attended by a host of sorrowing friends. Mrs. A. F. Diver, of Omaha, Neb., a daughter of the deceased, was also present at the funeral.

THE DARK AGES UP TO DATE.

(*Chicago Evening Post.*)

The crisis in Manitoba suggests the seventeenth century. It requires a vigorous destruction of our pride of position in history to reconcile the bitterness emanating from Winnipeg over the school question with the fact that the world is now rounding out a century of intelligent agnosticism and intelligent faith.

But it must not be overlooked that Canada is, and has been for years, a citadel of bigotry and religious bitterness against whose gates the powers of progress cannot prevail. The race origin of the people of Canada is the most considerable factor in the constant exhibitions of acrimonious creed disputes that the dominion displays. The French-Canadian Catholic is reactionary from ignorance. The Scotch-Irish Presbyterian is reactionary in spite of intelligence. A great part of the Roman Catholic hierarchy is dominated by the cardinal archbishop of Montreal, who is quite capable of indorsing a renascence of the inquisition. The vicious Orange Society fires the bigots on the other side of the fence, and intelligent Canada is ground between two brutal factions.

Manitoba entered the federation at the time when the majority of its population was Roman Catholic. It exacted a stipulation that the Roman Catholic parochial schools should be maintained. A rush of emigration from Ontario followed. Sandy McPherson elbowed out Jean Baptiste, and, coming west laden with the lessons of pulpiteers who were still fighting Sarsfield's men and carrying rhetorical matchlocks across Boyne water, he would not rest till he had made the parochial school an issue. Of course he was met and fought by the Roman Catholics. No compromise was possible between men who believe that the key to eternal happiness for themselves is the denial of the comforts of belief to their opponents. The leaders of the "liberals" promised not to disturb the schools, but soon they were swept away from this stand by the dull force behind them. The schools were abolished. The Catholics forced the matter to the attention of the privy council of the Queen, which decided that the Dominion government has power to grant remedial legislation. Lord Aberdeen's cabinet, after a brief fight, resolved to order the Manitoban government to restore the schools. The Manitoban premier announces that the order will not be obeyed. The Orange leader declares: "It cost Canada $8,000,000 to subdue the half-breeds on the banks of the Saskatchewan in 1885. How many millions will it take to make slaves of the people of Manitoba by subjecting them to the Catholic hierarchy?"

The world will weep for Canada while this struggle between the bigots proceeds. But it gives to Americans new reasons for the most profound gratitude that the viperous element of religious partisanship has never been admitted to the national politics of the United States.

GAELIC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The first meeting of the Central Council of the Gaelic Athletic Association for the present year was held last Sunday afternoon, at 79 South Clark street. The old council disbanded and delegates to the new council were seated. The principal business of the meeting was the election of officers for the current year. The following were elected: President, P. F. Guerin; vice-president, E. Cahill; recording secretary, P. D. Fitzgerald; financial secretary, M. B. Moriarty; treasurer, P. Barry.

The Parnell club applied for affiliation. An investigating committee was appointed to look after the application. If it reports favorably the Parnell club will be admitted next Sunday, and will bring the number of clubs in the association up to eleven. The hurling club of the Davitts requested to be admitted separately from the football club. The matter was referred to a committee consisting of P. D. Fitzgerald, J. Callahan, and T. Cronin.

A letter in reference to the renting of grounds was read, and a committee was appointed with full power to act for the association in the renting of suitable grounds. The committee is composed of P. Barry, P. D. Fitzgerald, M. B. Moriarty, M. O'Laughlin and P. F. Guerin.

It is expected that play will commence about the end of next month. There will be fifteen teams in the field this season, ten football teams and five hurling teams. The association starts in this year under favorable auspices and a prosperous season is expected.

The secretary was instructed by the meeting to let the public know that the Gaelic Athletic Association has nothing to do with the dance about to be given by another athletic association, some misunderstanding having arisen in regard to the matter.

All the clubs are notified to send their delegates to the meeting which will be held Sunday afternoon, and to pay their affiliation fees on that day.

JOHN S. COOKE, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR CITY TREASURER.

If John S. Cooke be not elected city easurer he will meet with his first defeat. Thus far he has been successful in all things that he has undertaken. He has worked hard all his life and is proud of it. By his own efforts his fortune has been carved out. His rise to prominence among his fellows was not sudden. For nearly forty years he has been a resident of Chicago. During that time he labored steadily and successfully, and his advancement from a humble condition to his present prominence was the natural fruit of his own efforts.

Mr. Cooke was born in county Cork, Ireland, in 1837, and came to America seventeen years later. He had been apprenticed to a baker and confectioner and worked at his trade in New York City for some time. Being unable to make little more than enough money to support himself there, he started for the west and made his home in Chicago in 1857. During the next few years he worked at his trade, sailed on the lakes as a seaman and earned his bread as a laborer. Always willing to work, he was seldom out of employment, nor was he particular about the character of the work so long as it paid. In this connection it is related of him that he gave up a $75 a month place as baker to do the work of a common roustabout when he was able to make $200 a month in the latter capacity. At the time the war broke out he was working at the Kent packing house. Sidney Kent and he now reside in the same block on Michigan avenue, but have never met since the days when the former was the employer of the strapping Irish lad. It was not until near the close of the war that Mr. Cooke became a citizen. He then took out his papers at a time when soldiers were being drafted into the army. He and a friend did so in order that it could not be said that they had neglected the duty of citizenship, and both stood ready to go into the service. The same year Mr. Cooke entered the employ of Schwab, McQuaid & Monheimer, wholesale wine and liquor dealers, and traveled for the firm six years, after which he bought an interest in the business and the firm became Monheimer & Cooke. In 1886 Mr. Cooke bought out the Union Brewing Company and organized the Cooke Brewing Company, one of the largest in the west. Bluff, honest and possessed of a hearty manner, the candidate for city treasurer has many warm friends. He was never in politics before, and his nomination at the hands of the democratic convention was an utter surprise to him.

Mr. Cooke, it will be remembered, was one of the first men who subscribed $1,500 for the relief of the poor one year ago last winter, and when again called upon he personally raised more money than any other man in Chicago, which was the very large sum of $10,000, for the purpose of relieving the distress and want of the poor people of Chicago in the fall and winter of 1893-4.

THE GREEN GOWNED GIRL.

BY JOHN T. KELLY.

I have roamed through Ireland far and wide,
By the Shannon, the Foyle, and Nore;
I have worshipped cheeks where roses hide
And eyes where love beams o'er;
But a maiden yet I never met
By mountain, stream or sea
Like the pretty girl with a green gown on—
Oh, she's the girl for me!

Where the Dodder steals from Glenismole
And winds through the fields away,
I saw her first, and my heart she stole
With her smile like the dawning day.
Oh, the apple's bloom to her fair cheeks come
When I whisper, "Asthore machree,
'Tis the pretty girl with the green gown on
Is the only girl for me!"

Sure the blackbird's song is not more sweet
Than her voice in the Colleen Rue,
Or the Wishing Well where the fairies meet,
More clear than her eyes of blue;
And the daisies love on their crests above
The press of her footfalls free—
Oh, the pretty girl with the green gown on
Is the only girl for me.

If I had the wealth of England's crown
Or the grass of rich Kildare,
As an outlawed man from town to town
Through the lonely hills I'd fare,
And yield it all at my rival's call
If my bride she'd only be—
For the pretty girl with the green gown on
Is the only girl for me!

"Body Rested, Mind at Ease."

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Bankrupt Sale of Mirrors, several crates were bought at 35 cts on the dollar, dark and light frames, and if you want a bargain in a good, substantial mirror now is your chance. We will sell them Monday at prices never before heard of.

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Fancy Colored Spoonholders, dewdrop pattern, each	5 cents
Open Colored Butter Dishes, worth 15c each, special sale	5 cents
1-qt White Granite, best quality Water Pitchers, each	9 cents
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One lot of Tin Tea Kettles, with good quality copper bottom, each	19 cents
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Barrel Ash Sieves, best made, worth 35 cents each, special sale, each	13 cents

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Hand-made Union Label, long Havana filler, 50 in box	$1.00
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Kylo Plug, per lb	19 cents
Hand Made per lb	20 cents
Sledge, per lb	22 cents
Climax, 8 oz., per lb	37 cents
Sweet Clippings, per lb	15 cents
Sweet Cob Smoking, per lb	18 cents
Lone Jack per lb	$1.15
Catoe Mixture, ½ tin	33 cents
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Cherry Wood Pipes, per doz	25 cents

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FARGO'S $2.50 LADIES' VICI KID SHOE,

Made by C. H. Fargo & Co., of this city—sold throughout the U. S. at $2.50. We have bought nearly 1,20 pairs at a snap. They are all sizes from 2 to 8, and all widths from A to EE. All the most desirable shapes—pointed, square and round toe, with or without patent leather tips. Plain and cloth tops, lace and button..... **$1.37 PER PAIR.**

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AN CRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN.

Tá mé bodhraighthe ag d'athair
'G deunamh 'n oiread caint' a's costhair,
Air gach nidh,
Caint air choirce, caint air thalamh,
Caint air eórna, caint air chalpaibh
Feadh na h-oidhch'!

Caint air treabhadh, caint air fhorsugh';
Tá mé bodhar, tá mé tuirseach,
Och, mo chluas!
Och gan mise as an m-bealach,
Och gan mise i m'fhear 'san ngealaigh,
Ann sin shuas!

Och dá m-beidhinn ann sin a s áir,
Chaithfinn lán mo ghlaice d'or
Faoi do chois,—
Chaithfinn sios as an speir a
Fáinaidhe cluas agus meur
Duit anois!

Chaithfinn rómhad-sa slabhra óir,
Scóidin deas a's peurla mór
Air an bh-feur,
'Nuair bheidheadh an gealach lán
Dhearcfainn sios ort le gradh
As an speir!

Mar is fada uainn an gealach
Congbhaigh d'athair as an m-bealach
Uaim rr é,
Agus beidh mé rómhad Dia Domhnaigh
'Réis an Aifrinn 'san trathnóna
Ann sin shios.

THE CIVIL SERVICE BILL.

[To the Editor.]

While the Civil Service bill was in progress through both houses of the legislature, the entire press of Chicago was united in an effort to defeat any and all amendments to it. No word was raised against the Civic Federation lobbying for their pet measure to their heart's content, while the presence of a delegation of policemen in favor of the Evans bill was not alone alluded to in far from complimentary terms, but Chief Brennan was asked to call them home, and make them attend to their police duties. Indeed one paper went the length of saying that the Civil Service bill as it stood, would become a law even if it led to the abolition of the entire present police force. When these same papers now advocate the passing of amendments that they hooted at only a few short weeks ago, can you wonder at the suspicon of such a large body of men as the Chicago police and fire departments, of the sincerity of such newspaper support?

The authors of the bill, no one for an instant believes to be actuated by any feelings save kindly ones towards the present police and fire departments, but feelings, it must be remembered, are not law—certainly not the law as laid down in section 32 of the proposed bill. Three weeks ago we were regarded as having no voice whatever in the matter; now they are anxious to send speakers around to the different stations in an effort to disarm our opposition to the bill. If Civil Service is honestly and fearlessly carried out from the start, from the time the bill becomes law; if the present forces are given assurances that the adoption of the Civil Service next Tuesday means for them continuation in office so long as they prove capable, worthy and meritorious; if the examination features of the bill, as they effect the present forces, are removed, no one will support the bill more earnestly or loyally than the present police and fire departments and their friends, who are far more numerous than the Civic Federation or the newspapers have any idea of. Why should a man after years of service be asked to submit to another examination? Are his years of service not the very best test of his fitness? And what man, no matter what his occupation may be, who is now the same physically as he was ten or fifteen years ago? Think of the loss to health resulting from night exposure alone, and then ask if it is fair to require men to submit, not alone to a mental test, but a physical one also, a condition which the bill as it now stands forces on them.

A POLICEMAN.

That Tired Feeling which is so common and so overpowering, is entirely driven off by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier. Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes weakness.

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Of Every Good Citizen.

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The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

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THE MINISTRY OF WOMAN.

How beautiful the ministry
Of woman's gentle hand!
How sweet the sympathies that spring
At her unbidden command!

For weal or woe, for good or ill,
About man's careless life
She weaves the blossoms of her heart
As mother, maid or wife.

She leads him feet up from the pit,
She bids his spirit rise,
Sometimes by her superior will,
Sometimes by pleading eyes.

Or else she lures him from the heights
To darkest depths below,
From peace and joy and love and heaven
To bitterness and woe.

Oh, woman, lovely womankind!
Be careful how you play
The role of queen, in this your realm,
To him whom you may sway.
—New York Ledger.

SMUGGLERS' CAVE.

Lake Memphremagog is one of the prettiest pieces of water in America. The Indian name means "Beautiful Water," and beautiful water it truly is. Every variety of scenery is presented to the view of the visitor as he glides over the surface of the lake—mountains, valleys and undulating plain, jagged rocks and cultivated fields, pretty little villages nestling in the valleys and stately summer residences of Canadian and American millionaires. The lake is dotted with many islands, large and small, the most important of which is Province island, on which is marked the boundary line dividing the United States from Canada. This, too, is the only island in the lake that has any sign of habitation. It was purchased some years ago by Mr. Zabriski of New York, who erected a handsome summer residence near its center, and as one end of his island home is in the Dominion and the other under the sway of the stars and stripes he can celebrate Dominion day on one part of his dominions and Independence day on the other.

It is not my intention to extol the beauties of the lake, but merely to relate one of the many legends concerning it which are told by "old residents." This legend concerns Skinner's island, opposite Owl's Head, or, more properly speaking, Skinner's cave, situated at one end of the island. Any one who has visited the lake will recollect it. From the deck of the steamer the cave looks like an open doorway. But from the deck of a steamer is not the best way to see it, and I determined to examine it more closely. While stopping at Owl's Head I took a rowboat, and in company with an old fisherman, started to explore the cave. But I was sadly disappointed, for instead of seeing a large cavern capable of holding a cargo of smuggled goods, as I was led to suppose, the opening was barely large enough to contain our boat, and it was impossible for us to stand upright at the farthest end. The cave was worth visiting, however, being completely lined with a dwarf growth of weeds, the rays of the sun, shining on the water and reflecting upon the sides, giving it all the colors of the rainbow. A snake or two lay coiled up in some of the crevices, while minnows sported at its mouth. I was about to express my astonishment to my guide at the smallness of the place when he forestalled me with the remark:

"Well, sir, what do you think of it?"

"Why," I returned, "I am disappointed. I expected to see quite a large cave, but see only a small hole in the rock. Where is the storehouse of the famous Skinner? Where the place where he used to keep his arms and ammunition? Where the dungeon where he confined his captives?"

"Hold on, sir," said my guide, "and I will tell you the story as it was told to me by my father. Of course I cannot vouch for the truth of all the details, as he was not a witness of the occurrences."

We drew the boat to the mouth of the cave, seated ourselves, lighted our pipes, and my guide spoke as follows:

"At the beginning of the present century smuggling was extensively carried on both ways across the border, but principally from the United States into Canada, and many a bold adventurer entered into the business. One of the boldest of these was Captain John Skinner. He was an Englishman and early in his career commanded a sort of privateer that used to smuggle goods from different ports in the United States and Canada. He had associated with him a band of the boldest spirits of the time. James Jackson, his lieutenant, was wont to declare that 'he cared neither for man nor devil.' How it came about I do not know, but Captain Skinner lost his ship, and when next heard of here, together with several members of his crew, including Jackson, settled on the Vermont border, half of his house being situated in Stanstead county, Canada, and half in Derby, Vt. He kept what was supposed to be a general store, but it soon got to be noised abroad that the place was a rendezvous for the most notorious of the smugglers. It was known that large quantities of goods were taken into the store, but nobody ever saw them come out again.

"It was known that the smugglers must have some secret hiding place to store their goods, but nothing could be discovered. Officers were constantly on the watch, the place was raided, the footsteps of Skinner and his band were dogged whenever they left the old store, rewards were offered by both governments, but all without avail. The hiding place remained a secret.

"Meanwhile, however, other events were happening in Skinner's store—events that subsequently led up to a remarkable denouement. The captain had a daughter, a very handsome girl, bordering on 18 years of age. Mary Skinner was a favorite with every member of the rough band and, for her part, appeared to treat all the band impartially. If she had any preference, it was given to Will Blake, a fair haired young Irishman, who had joined Skinner on his last cruise and had remained with him when he gave up a seafaring life. Will made no secret of his admiration of Mary and thereby incurred the enmity of Jackson, the lieutenant, who, as he boasted to his boon companions, had sworn to make the girl his wife. Mary contented herself with treating Jackson with indifference or passing off his many compliments in a laughing manner.

"There had been an apparent cessation of vigilance on the part of the customs officers for some time, and this somewhat emboldened the smugglers, and a very large consignment of goods had been arriving at the store for a few days. The customs officers had, however, simply changed their tactics. Disguising themselves, they mixed with the members of Skinner's band, drank with them, went on fishing excursions with them and endeavored by all secret means to worm their secret from them. One part of Skinner's store was devoted to a bar, and it was here that all the rough characters in the neighborhood were wont to congregate.

"The chief of the customs officers was a man named O'Brien, a wide awake, keen witted young fellow. He also had fallen a victim to the charms of Mary, but his advances met with no better success than did those of Jackson. He was a constant visitor at Skinner's place. It happened that he was there on a certain night, but thoroughly disguised. While conversing with some of his companions he thought he saw a glimmer of light coming through the floor at his feet, and at the same time he imagined he heard the murmur of voices, one of which he thought he recognized as that of Mary. On the alert in a moment, he stooped down as if to adjust his shoestring, when his suppositions were confirmed—a faint light was visible through the crack, and the hum of voices was distinctly heard.

"Keeping his own counsel, he soon after left the place, beckoning to a trusty companion to follow him. When they were out of earshot, he told him of his discovery, which was more astounding from the fact that it had always been supposed that Skinner's house had neither cellar nor basement. Determined to profit by the discovery, O'Brien and his companions waited for a later hour before proceeding any further. Then, still further disguising themselves, they proceeded to reconnoiter Skinner's place. Not a light was to be seen from any of the windows, nor was there a sign of any human being stirring. Cautiously approaching the door, O'Brien tried the latch, but it was locked, and it resisted all his efforts to force it. Meanwhile his companion had gone to the rear of the house, trying the windows and doors in succession, but without success until he came to the last window, which gave way after a vigorous push, making a slight noise. Crouching down in darkness, he listened for any movement from within; but, hearing none, he returned to O'Brien and told him of his success. The two, with dark lanterns, entered the room and cautiously looked around. It was the room adjoining the bar, the door of which was open. The two men peered in, but all was still. They then in silence made a tour of the house, but found it utterly deserted.

"Returning to the bar, they began examining the floor carefully on the spot pointed out by O'Brien as the place where he had seen the light. There was no sign of a trapdoor there, but the boards, on being tapped lightly, gave out a hollow sound, proving that there was a chamber of some sort underneath. They next went behind the bar and made a minute search. At the back of the bar was a sort of sideboard, upon which the bottles of liquor were set out. There was a cupboard underneath, and it was in this cupboard that O'Brien found what he was looking for.

"There were several panels set in the wall at the back, studded with brass nails. In examining these nails the sharp eyes of the officer detected two that appeared to be larger than the others. Pressing one of these caused the panel to swing inwardly, but the space was not large enough to admit a man's body. O'Brien pressed the other one, when a second panel opened, the two together forming a narrow passage. Thrusting his lantern into the aperture, he discovered a narrow flight of steps. Beckoning his companion to follow, he descended the steps. Arriving at the bottom, the two found themselves in a small chamber, the sides of which were of rough earth and the ceiling the flooring of the barroom. The chamber had evidently been made within the last few years, as there were several roots of trees still protruding from the sides. Not an article of any description was to be seen, nor were there any signs of human beings.

"O'Brien and his companion carefully inspected the room, feeling along the sides for any means of exit, but the sides were solid, and they were about giving up when something in one of the corners attracted their attention. Bringing their lights to bear on this particular corner, they discovered a door, but so carefully was it disguised that it might easily have been passed over in a cursory examination. This door was not locked. When it was opened, it let in a strong current of air.

"Passing through this door, the two men saw stretching before them a long narrow passage, barely broad enough to permit them to walk abreast and scarce high enough to permit them to walk upright. They proceeded cautiously, each with a revolver in his hand, and holding a lantern in the other. There was nothing to impede their progress, and although the passage was a somewhat winding one it appeared of uniform height and width.

"They had been walking, they calculated, for about five minutes, when they felt a great improvement in the atmosphere, which had been musty. Soon they saw a flicker of light, which gradually grew larger and larger, until they came to an opening. Emerging from this, they glanced hurriedly around. At their feet lay the waters of Lake Memphremagog, with a tiny rowboat floating peacefully on the surface. Turning, they glanced at the entrance from which they had emerged, but could not at first discover it, as they had advanced two or three steps forward toward the beach. Retracing their steps, they found that the opening was formed by two vast bowlders, but whether they had been placed there or whether they were the work of nature they could not determine. However, they were placed in such a position that the opening could not be seen from the lake, and there was apparently no place where anybody could land except at the little cove where lay the rowboat.

"All this time not a person had they seen. What was next to be done? That was the question that the two men whisperingly discussed for a few moments. But they appeared to be of one mind, and having come so far neither of them was inclined to turn back without seeing the end of the adventure. They therefore decided to take the boat and reconnoiter. But there another surprise awaited them. Taking one of the oars from the bottom of the boat, O'Brien attempted to push it off, but instead of going out in a straight line the boat shot off obliquely, rounded a rock and then seemed to float along without any means of propulsion. The men were naturally astonished, but they soon made the discovery that the boat was attached to a cable and was being drawn rapidly through the water. Where were they going? Peering in the direction in which the boat was proceeding, they saw a short distance ahead of them a large island flooded by the moonlight. Several lights were flitting about, and it appeared that there was somewhat of a commotion. The boat rushed through the water as though propelled by steam, slight waves occasionally washing over the sides. Nearer and nearer the island they approached, and now they were able to distinguish two figures standing on the shore. These figures appeared to be watching the boat with interest. At the same time they were evidently hauling on the line that was drawing the craft nearer and nearer to them.

"Suddenly the men in the boat experienced a rapid jerk that almost threw them into the water. The persons on shore had evidently just discovered that the boat was occupied and had immediately slackened the line upon which they had been drawing. There was no time for hesitation, and the men in the boat, seizing the oars, rowed for the shore. The two persons were then standing in the same position, and as the rowers approached they were surprised to see that one of the watchers was a woman, and they soon recognized in her Mary Skinner, the smuggler's daughter. The man with her was Will Blake, and," said my companion, pausing and turning to me, "do you know where O'Brien and his companion landed? It was right here, where we are resting so quietly—at the mouth of Skinner's cave.

"But the cave was much larger in those days—in fact, it is said to have extended under half the island. How it was curtailed to such limited space you will learn.

"Immediately on landing O'Brien approached the pair and asked what they were doing there. The girl, who seemed much terrified, approached O'Brien and said in a supplicating voice:

"'Oh, it is you, Mr. O'Brien! You will save us, will you not?'

"'Save you!' ejaculated O'Brien. 'From what?'

"'From my father and Jackson. But do not delay. Let us go. I will tell you later on.'

"The girl appeared terribly frightened, and dragging her companion with her made at once for the boat, O'Brien and his mate following. Scarcely allowing time for the others to get seated, she seized an oar and pushed off; then, drawing a knife from her pocket, she cut the cable which attached it to the shore, and the little craft went skimming over the lake toward Owl's Head, helped by Will Blake, who was sculling as though for life. For a few minutes all was silence; then there arose angry shouts from the island, and torches were seen to wave in all directions—men gesticulating. Then three boats were seen to put off from different parts of the island and start in pursuit of the little craft, but the latter had got too much of a start, and by the time the pursuers were half way across the pursued had reached the beach at the foot of Owl's Head, where, leaving the boat, they hurriedly made for the woods. Gaining an elevation, they saw the pursuing boats reach the shore. Then there was a conference, which finally ended in the men returning to their boats, evidently satisfied that it would be impossible to find the fugitives in the almost impenetrable woods which at that time surrounded the base of Owl's Head.

"After seeing the men return to the island Mary and her companion considered what had best be done next. There were very few buildings in the vicinity of the mountain at that time, only a few loggers' shanties, and it was decided to seek the shelter of one of these till daylight would permit them to find a path over the mountain. O'Brien, who seemed to know the locality very well, took them by an intricate path to a clearing where there was a deserted log house. Here they made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit, when O'Brien asked Mary to tell him the cause of her alarm. She was about to comply, when they were startled by the sound of an explosion.

"All were on their feet in a moment, hurrying to the eminence from which they had watched their pursuers depart. All eyes were directed toward the island. No lights were visible now, but a sort of vapor seemed to float over it, almost enveloping it.

"'My God, the powder magazine!' ejaculated Blake.

"'My father, my father!' moaned Mary. 'Oh, come to him!'

"And starting forward again she darted toward the boat, the three men following. As the island was approached a strong smell of gunpowder was noticed, but not a sound was heard. The oarsmen rowed direct for the opening of Skinner's cave. Drawing the boat up the beach Mary leaped out and darted forward to the opening of the cave. But she had not proceeded many paces when she was brought to a sudden halt. There was no opening. At the end of the cave appeared a huge rock, while scattered in all directions were pieces of splintered granite that had evidently been recently deposited there. Both Mary and Blake, after vainly trying to find the opening, returned to the boat and rowed round to the side of the island, where there was another landing place.

"Both appeared thoroughly acquainted with every part of the island, and selecting one of two paths that came down to the beach they darted up it and soon reached the crest of a hill. From there they looked eagerly around, but nothing but a scene of desolation rewarded their gaze. The whole place looked as if it had been recently shaken by some violent upheaval. Trees were uprooted, and great rocks were overturned in all directions. Vainly Mary and Blake, assisted by O'Brien and his companion, searched for traces of Skinner and his crew. Vainly the five sought what to them were familiar landmarks.

"Seeing that it was useless to remain longer on the island, the four determined to row back to Skinner's house in the hope of finding some of the smugglers there, but on their arrival the house was found just as O'Brien had left it. As soon as it was light the whole party returned to Skinner's island, but their further search revealed nothing of a startling nature. There were certainly many pieces of boards, broken barrels and fragments of bales strewn in all directions, but no trace of a human being. The whole party were forced to the opinion that the powder magazine had by some means exploded, blocking up both entrances to the cave, and in all probability burying all the smugglers in the ruins.

"Both Mary and Blake told their stories to O'Brien. Captain Skinner and his band had carried on a most extensive system of smuggling, the goods being taken from confederates in all parts of the country. These goods were first conveyed to his store and then concealed in the underground passage, whence they were taken to the little cove and ferried in boats, of which the smugglers were in possession of quite a flotilla, to the island, where they were concealed in the caves with which the island was intersected. The smugglers were in league with several residents in the vicinity, who came to the island at stated intervals for the goods and distributed them all over the country. Their immunity from arrest had made them bold, and at the time of the explosion there must have been many thousand pounds' worth of contraband goods on the island.

"Regarding Mary's lovers, it appears that there was an understanding between old Skinner and his lieutenant, Jackson, that the girl was to become the latter's wife on her twenty-first birthday. A strong attachment had meanwhile sprung up between young Blake and the girl, an attachment which at length ripened into secret engagement. By some means unexplained this engagement reached the ears of Jackson, and he determined to be revenged on his successful rival. It was the voices of Mary and Jackson that O'Brien had heard in the chamber under the barroom. Jackson was expostulating with the girl for what he called her duplicity. She prevaricated with him in order to gain time, and after pacifying him to a certain extent went to warn Blake, who was on the island. Jackson must have suspected her intention, for soon after his return to the bar he induced Skinner to close up the place, and, together with the rest of the band, to accompany him in pursuit of Mary and Blake. The latter two, who were on the island, saw the approach of the band and rushed to the mouth of the cave to secure their boat to escape to the mainland, but when they reached the beach they found that the boat had disappeared, the smugglers having drawn it back by the cable to which it was attached before starting in pursuit. Being well acquainted with every part of the island, they managed to hide for some time and must have just got down to the cave again as O'Brien and his companion started on their trip. They thought the boat somewhat heavy, but knew it could be occupied by none of the smugglers' band, for they were all on the island, with their boats moored at the second landing strongly guarded.

"You know what happened after the arrival of O'Brien. I may simply add that there was no more smuggling carried on in this section; that no trace was ever found of the buried smugglers, nor has any of their treasure ever been discovered. Mary and Blake were married soon after these tragic events, O'Brien acting as best man. They settled down to farming not a hundred miles from the scene of the old smuggler's operations, and, for all I know, some of their descendants may be living there still."

Such was the story told me by the old fisherman as we sat in our boat at the mouth of Skinner's cave.—Chicago Times-Herald.

You're Another.

A good story is told about the smart sergeant of a crack cavalry regiment. Whenever he had occasion to punish any of his men he invariably concluded the sentence by explaining, "And you are another." Every victim noticed this strange remark, but none could understand the meaning of it, and naturally they were afraid to ask. But one day a newly promoted sergeant determined to solve the mystery. He said to the sergeant:

"Sergeant, there is one thing I should like to ask you. I've often heard you say after inflicting punishment on a man, 'And you are another.' What do you really mean by that remark?"

"Well," said the sergeant, smiling, "I will tell you. I know that whenever I am obliged to punish an evildoer the victim always says to himself, 'What a stupid ass the sergeant is!' I get even with him by saying, 'And you are another.' Keep it dark."—Boston Post.

THAT IRON CROWN.

IT RESTS ON A VELVET CUSHION IN THE CATHEDRAL AT MONZA.

It Was Used In Crowning Thirty-four Monarchs—Conflicting Stories of Its Origin and Career—Other Treasures Guarded In the Church at Monza.

"Let no other hand dare to touch it," said Napoleon as he placed the iron crown upon his brow.

It seems to have been a weakness of the great Napoleon to crown himself, for he also performed the act in the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris. In the one instance he rudely repulsed a bishop, and in the other a pope, who were about to place a crown upon his head.

The mystery of the origin of the iron crown, the interesting history connected with it, the noble—and ignoble—heads it has adorned, all make it an object of importance.

Now, after crowning 34 monarchs, it rests on a velvet cushion in a glass case in the cathedral at Monza, locked and sealed and guarded. Only by the payment of $1 can the curious obtain even a glimpse of it. It is composed of six quadrangular pieces of gold united by hinges and is adorned with 22 gems of various colors and 24 enameled jewels. Lining the inner part is the much disputed strip of iron. The popular tradition that this strip is made out of a nail from the true cross is gradually becoming disbelieved, although the clergy still maintain the right of the strip to be considered holy.

The story is that Helena, the mother of Constantine, found the nails with which Christ was crucified, and of one of them made a horseshoe and of the other a diadem. The diadem, all of gold, but lined in the interior with a thin strip of iron, was given by Pope Gregory the Great to Theodolinda, and by her to the Church of San Giovanni Battista, which she had founded at Monza. There is another crown in the church given by Theodolinda and called for her, but as it is of gold and makes no claim to being holy, being simply a votive offering, no particular interest attaches to it.

Some writers say that the nail was not placed in the iron crown, but in the helm of Constantine; that the lining strip of iron is simply a band to hold the inflexible crown in shape. It is only since 1717 that the crown has been considered a sacred relic, and discussions and suppositions have been advanced in regard to it. It is not mentioned in the reign of Theodolinda, nor until some centuries afterward. Those who oppose the idea that the lining strip of iron is the holy nail say that if it was, the Milanese would have resented with the sword the calling of it a crown of straw, as did Rafael Toscana in his verses:

With iron here (in Milan) they encircle the brow,
With straw in Monza and with glittering gold in Rome.

There were other iron crowns in the history of the past, among them one made for Henry VII, in the form of a garland of laurels, ornamented with rich and precious stones, but all of these have been lost or stolen, so that the one at Monza alone remains.

Between the years of 1859 and 1866 the iron crown was absent from the little velvet cushion in Monza. It was carried off by the Austrians, but was returned in 1866 to the king of Italy. The portraits of all the kings who have worn this crown are also preserved in the cathedral at Monza. The last three were Charles V, at Bologna in 1530; Napoleon, May 26, 1805, in the famous pinnacled cathedral at Milan, and in the same place Ferdinand I, Sept. 6, 1838.

There are other treasures guarded in the church at Monza—chalices and holy vases, gems and crowns of silver and gold. These are venerated and worshiped, and many of them have been there since the time of Theodolinda but others have been placed there at different times by the Lombardian sovereigns. There was formerly a crown in the church that had been given as a votive offering by Agilulfo, the husband of Theodolinda. It contained the inscription, "Agilulfo, by the grace of God, glorious man and king of Italy, offering to San Giovanni in the church of Monza." The inscription was noteworthy because in it was used for the first time the words "gratia Dei" (by the grace of God), which have since been adopted by all the sovereigns. This crown was melted and sold in 1804, the year before Napoleon was crowned with the iron crown.

Napoleon founded an order of knighthood and called it the Order of Iron Crown.

Monza, the sleepy old town containing the cathedral that guards this historic crown, lies in the shadow of the Alps. Looking toward them one sees the snow glistening on their peaks. Turning in the opposite direction the pinnacles of Milan's cathedral can be seen white and shining in the sunlight, while above the sky is blue, and at one's feet flows the peaceful Lambro. It is a scene of quiet beauty and suggests no thoughts of stormy times and great revolutions, and yet such have taken place in and about Monza. In late years many momentous questions of state have been settled here.—Chicago Record.

If the Rope Broke.

A visitor to Niagara once got a reply which was by no means the answer he expected. He was watching the car start which is raised or lowered on the inclined plane by steam power, but, not liking the look of the track, did not go down himself. After the car had started he turned to the man in charge and said, "Suppose, sir, that the rope should break?" The visitor was thinking of possible danger; the man only thought of business and replied, "Oh, they all paid before they went," which was not quite so soothing an answer as the querist might naturally have expected.—Cornhill Magazine.

HYPNOTIC SINGING.

The Most Disputed Incident of "Trilby" Supported by Fact.

Among the many items apropos of Du Maurier's masterpiece not the least interesting is the closeness with which he stuck to the facts. One's first impression upon reading how Svengali taught Trilby to sing—how he hypnotized her and commanded her to imitate the sounds he made on his flexible flageolet—was no doubt that this at least was a flight of poetic license. It seems, however, to be well within the possibilities.

A case which in all essentials covers it was reported as long ago as 1850 by James Braid, the first of the successors of Mesmer to approach the hypnotic sleep from the side of science rather than of charlatanism. After speaking of the heightened sense of hearing under mesmerism and of the increase of muscular precision, they make, he says, "feats of phonic imitation" possible which are truly astonishing.

"Many patients will thus repeat accurately what is spoken in any language, and they may be also able to sing correctly and simultaneously both words and music of songs in any language which they had never heard before—i. e., they catch the words as well as music so instantaneously as to accompany the other singer as if both had been previously equally familiar with both words and music.

"In this manner a patient of mine who, when awake, knew not the grammar of even her own language, and who had very little knowledge of music, was enabled to follow Mlle. Jenny Lind correctly in songs in different languages, giving both words and music so correctly and so simultaneously with Jenny Lind that two parties in the room could not for some time imagine that there were two voices, so perfectly did they accord, both in musical tone and vocal pronunciation of Swiss, German and Italian songs. She was equally successful in accompanying Mlle. Lind in one of her extemporaneous effusions, which was long and extremely difficult, an elaborate chromatic exercise, which the celebrated cantatrice tried by way of taxing the powers of the somnambulist to the utmost. When awake, the girl durst not even attempt to do anything of the sort, and, after all, wonderful as it was, it was only phonic imitation, for she did not understand the meaning of a single word of the foreign language which she uttered so correctly."

This is exactly Trilby's case, only more so, except that there is nothing to indicate in the report that "the patient" remembered Jenny Lind's songs and could reproduce them, but the formation of a trance state memory is a sufficiently frequent phenomenon. The quotation is from Braid's "Observations on Trance," page 43.—New York Post.

Grecian Enterprise.

It is the way of travelers to complain of the food they are obliged to eat in foreign countries. Whether it is an American in Europe or a European in America, the result is much the same. We like the things to which we are accustomed. When Edmond About was in Greece, he carried matters so far as to object to eating green peaches. He was in the bazaar at Athens.

"Wouldn't it be possible to get some ripe peaches?" he asked the vender.

"I think not," answered the Athenian.

"But pray tell me why?"

"We have no good roads. If the farmers should try to bring ripe fruit to market on muleback, it would arrive in the shape of marmalade."

"But at Corfu also the peaches were green, and there they have good roads and bring the fruit to town in wagons."

"Ah, well," said the man, "there is another reason. The farmers have no money, and they have creditors. They can't wait for fruit to get ripe."

There, says About, you have a fair example of the state of Grecian agriculture.

A French gardener, being at Smyrna, noticed that the Greeks had almost no vegetables in their gardens—tomatoes everywhere and scarcely anything else.

"Why don't you raise other things?" he asked. "Asparagus, now. Your soil is just right. You would make a fine thing of it. I will furnish you with seeds."

"How soon should we get crops?"

"In four years at the longest."

"Four years! Are you crazy? Do you suppose we would spend money to get something back in four years? We should be bankrupt 20 times over."—Youth's Companion.

Trollope and Whist.

Trollope was attracted, in the first instance, by the genial society, but continued to resort there from pure love of the game itself, and, though, as he tells us, he often felt inclined "to swear off," like Rip Van Winkle, the habit grew too strong for him, and, after all, he is disposed to agree with Talleyrand that, when one has turned 60, life without cards is but a triste vieillesse.

Trollope, as might be supposed, was by no means an ideal whist player. His eager and almost boisterous temperament was hardly suited to a game that requires the utmost self possession and coolness from its votaries. But his play was steady and consistent. He utilized his strong suit and was sound on the subject of trumps, and au reste he was as thorough paced a partner and as implacable an opponent as the great Sarah Battle herself.—Blackwood's Magazine.

An Appreciative Welshman.

London Truth has the following: "The following tasty inscription is from a family mausoleum erected by a Welsh landowner and magistrate in Merionethshire. To expend turf winnings on erecting a tomb looks, at first sight, eccentric, but possibly the builder was moved by the reflection that betting has brought many to their graves:

As to my latter end I go
To seek my jubilee
I bless the good horse Bendigo
That built this tomb for me

DECALOGUE FOR ANIMALS.

Ten Rules Adopted by the Royal Society For the Prevention of Cruelty.

First.—No one has a right to keep animals, either for use or pleasure, unless he is able and willing to provide them with whatever is necessary for their health and happiness. No animal can be healthy or happy unless it is kindly treated, comfortably lodged, regularly fed, supplied with water and afforded opportunities of recreation.

Second.—Kind and gentle treatment is due to all animals and need not interfere with firmness in governing them. Animals are often thought to be ill tempered or obstinate when they are really suffering from some pain or irritation the cause of which is not seen, but which may be soothed by patience and quietness. If you try to find out what is the matter with an animal before you punish him, you will probably find that there is no reason to punish him. Be careful to remove anything that causes fear. Animal are often terrified by things that men hardly observe. If they are punished, their terror is only increased. Nothing will quiet them so soon as gentle talk and caressing. Kindness will win the confidence of any animal, and an animal which confides in its keeper is easily managed. If you want your horse to work well, take good care that his harness does not chafe him.

Third.—All animals require sunshine, and their dwellings should have a southerly or westerly aspect if possible, but they should always have access to shade when they desire it. Stables, sheds, coops and cages should be well drained, well lighted and well ventilated, but never drafty. Different animals require different temperatures. A humane owner will prevent much suffering by learning the degree of heat and cold which the animal is enabled by nature or habit to endure. Every stable yard, cage, kennel and bed should be kept thoroughly clean.

Fourth.—Every animal should have as much solid food daily as it will eat up clean, but no more than it will consume. Stale food is unwholesome. It should be removed early in the morning and replaced by a fresh supply. Nocturnal animals should be fed at sunset. Be careful to give all animals as much variety of food as possible and let it be as nearly as possible the food which the animal would use in a state of nature. Animals which are regularly fed on grain ought to have frequent supplies of green food.

Fifth.—Every animal should have an abundant supply of pure water for drinking. Vessels used for food or water should be washed daily and should be wiped dry before refilling. Iron troughs or plates lined with porcelain are the best, being clean, cheap and durable.

Sixth.—Bathing is necessary to the health and comfort of many animals. Cage birds ought to be allowed to bathe daily, and a separate vessel, adapted to their size, should be supplied for that purpose. Some birds delight in dust baths. A working horse should be allowed every day to roll on the grass, or better, perhaps, on sawdust.

Seventh.—Animals as well as men are happier and better for reasonable recreation. Whenever it is possible they should have it. The horse should be allowed an opportunity to run at large. Dogs, especially in cities, should be taken out to run freely. Even cage birds are immensely pleased if they are allowed to leave the cage for an hour or to every day.

Eighth.—When an animal is sick, see that it is kept quiet and unmolested, and that its treatment is unusually gentle.

Ninth.—When it is certain that an animal will die, always secure the services of a humane and experienced person to destroy it in the quickest and least painful way, and when it dies never fail to bury it at once.

Tenth.—Try to make the world as happy a world as possible for any creature in your charge.

The "Great Swallower."

As a swallower of objects larger than his own diameter the boa is nowhere in comparison with the Chiasmodon niger, or great swallower, a species of deep water fish which is in several respects the most wonderful representative of the finny tribe.

In his natural state (the condition in which he is found before dining would probably more correctly express the meaning intended here) chiasmodon has a body remarkably elongated for a fish of his size and is of nearly uniform thickness from head to tail. The voracious creature pays no attention to the size of its prey when he starts on a foraging expedition and is just as likely to seize upon a fish of a dozen times his own bulk and weight as any other kind. His jaws are very long, and, like those of some species of serpents, which feed upon prey of a greater diameter than themselves, are without base hinges. His manner of feeding is to seize a fish by the tail and work his mouth, which is studded with sharp teeth pointing backward, over his victim's body. The "great swallower" is well named, for he has been found with fish in his maw which were twleve times as bulky and weighty as himself. His rapacity often causes his death, the gas formed by the process of digestion making a balloon of his body and allowing it to rise to the surface. Those well up in piscatorial lore say his natural habitat is 1,500 feet below the surface. This being the case, rising to the surface is almost certain to cause his gasbag of a stomach to burst, with fatal results.—St. Louis Republic.

Seven Meals a Day.

Max O'Rell says that the Australians eat seven times a day. Tea and bread and butter at 7, breakfast at 8:30, lunch at 11, dinner at 1:30, tea at 3, supper at 6 and a nightcap at 10. Tea is the standard drink, and there are few hours in the day when the teapot is not brought into requisition. The only people who can compare with the Australians in drinking tea are the Irish, who keep the teapot boiling on the stove all day long.

Effect of Environment on a Watch.

"It is curious to notice the effect of certain atmospheres upon timepieces of a certain kind," said A. G. Graham of Chicago. "I have a watch of the old fashioned type, which I always carry with me wherever I go, first, because it's a curiosity, and, secondly, because it is a gift from a much beloved friend. Well, this watch has a habit of running ahead of time. In my own city, or here in St. Louis, for example, it gains five minutes in every 24 hours. This is noticeable because it means nearly two hours a month. I have a way of letting it run for a length of time, say six months, so that it regulates itself practically in that time. It manages to make about 12 hours, and when a timepiece is that much ahead of or behind time it is just as good as if it were perfect. A short while ago I was compelled to visit Philadelphia, from which city I am just returning. During my stay there the watch lost five minutes a day, and the loss was as regular as the gain was in Chicago or in your city. I have a theory upon the subject.

"I believe that the movements of a man have more or less effect upon a watch. Now, almost every man readily falls into the ways and gait of his fellows. In Chicago or in St. Louis every man likes to be five minutes ahead of time. In Philadelphia every one says: 'Well, there's no hurry. Five minutes behind time will make no difference,' and from this follows that slow, easy gait which is the most striking characteristic of the Quaker City. It would seem the watches keep time in the same fashion, as if in sympathy with their owners. So you see there is pretty good reason for the allegation with regard to Philadelphia's proverbial slowness."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Magic In India.

Some recent travelers who have seen the magicians of India reported that the skill of these jugglers has been overrated, and that their tricks are really less wonderful than they have been said to be. But Mr. Kellar, who is himself a slight of hand expert, thinks differently. He says that the Hindoo wizards perform tricks that he can neither duplicate nor understand, so marvelous are they. This is what he relates of one whom he saw at the Chuddermunzil club at Lucknow:

"He took a board and placed it on four glass goblets, thus elevating it from the floor. A youngster sitting on the board was requested to place his hands together, palms up. Then the juggler took a glass of water and poured it into the outstretched hands of the boy. In the meantime the boy had been mesmerized, and his attention was fixed on a point indicated by the magician. Gradually the water turned green in color and then developed into a jelly which increased in density until it became as solid as a stone. Out of the center of this appeared the head of a snake, which gradually developed until in the place of the water there appeared a hissing reptile. I was amazed, I can assure you, but the trick was not yet completed. Hitting the reptile upon the head with his wand, the juggler took it up carefully and placed it back into the glass. As we looked it became transformed into a jelly, which in turn melted into a greenish colored water. Clearer and clearer became the fluid until it was of its original color, and then the juggler placed it to his lips and drank the entire contents. This was the most wonderful trick I ever saw performed, and it is as mysterious to me today as it was then."—New York Advertiser.

Mark Twain's Criticism.

There is only one expert who is qualified to examine the souls and the life of a people and make a valuable report—the native novelist. This expert is so rare that the most populous country can never have 15 conspicuously and confessedly competent ones in stock at one time. This native specialist is not qualified to begin work until he has been absorbing during 25 years. How much of his competency is derived from conscious "observation?" The amount is so slight that it counts for next to nothing in the equipment. Almost the whole capital of the novelist is the slow accumulation of unconscious observation—absorption.

The native expert's intentional observation of manners, speech, character and ways of life can have value, for the native knows what they mean without having to cipher out the meaning. But I should be astonished to see a foreigner get at the right meanings, catch the elusive shades of these subtle things. Even the native novelist becomes a foreigner, with a foreigner's limitations, when he steps from the state whose life is familiar to him into a state whose life he has not lived. Bret Harte got his California and his Californians by unconscious absorption and put both of them into his tales alive, but when he came back from the Pacific to the Atlantic and tried to do Newport life from study—conscious observation—his failure was absolutely monumental.—Mark Twain in North American Review.

He Took Salmon.

"I say, Gaddersby," said Mr. Smith as he came into the fishmonger's with a lot of tackle in his hand. "I want you to give me some fish to take home with me. Put them up to look as if they've been caught today, will you?"

"Certainly, sir," said the fishmonger. "How many?"

"Oh, you'd better give me three or four barbel. Make it look decent in quantity without appearing to exaggerate, you know."

"Yes, sir. But you'd better take salmon, hadn't you'?"

"Why, what makes you think so?"

"Oh, nothing, except that your wife was down here early this afternoon and said if you dropped in with your fishing tackle and a generally woebegone look to have you take salmon if possible, as she liked that kind better than any other."

Mr. Smith took salmon.—Pearson's Weekly.

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Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; T F Monahan, V P; Thomas H Donohoe, R S, 117 E Erie st; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 10—P Cunniffe, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Brannigan, R S, 5020 Dyer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4330 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 495 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meets in Connor hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2391 Archer av; T J Manley, V-P; M Jordan, Rec Sec, 2301 Archer av; J J Sullivan, Fin Sec; S J Moloney, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, in K of P hall, 3001 Archer av, at 8 p m.

Div 14—Henry T Boyle, Pres, 2958 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Thomas O'Connor, Rec Sec, 204 30th st; Patrick J Linge, Fin Sec; Thomas H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 15—P J Shine, Pres, 943 Fifty-fifth st; Martin Mulhall, V P; Terrence Dunn, Rec Sec, 5339 Bristol st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; Michael Duffy, Treas. Meet N E cor 31st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 5818 Justine st; John Larner, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 4644 Lalin st; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; John McGinty, Treas. Meets 4th Sunday each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, 5252 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O'Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—Martin Loftus, Pres, 2240 W Kinzie st; James Collins, V-P; Timothy Collins, Rec Sec, 2489 W Fulton st; Wm O Mara, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet in Schoenhoffen's hall, cor W Lake and 43d st, last Friday each month at 8 p m.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4525 Dyer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jerh Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Bern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Quealey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2801 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M H Curry, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 25th place and Canal st.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1534 47th st; John McCaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4516 Dyer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

Div 25—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4656 Wentworth av; Thos Killoughy, v-p; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, 51st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 29—P J O'Reilly, Pres, P O Box 358, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1239, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres, 10810 Calhoun av; P C Harnett, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, 10810 Hoxie av; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Wm Heslin, Treas. Meet in Fink's hall, Cummings, Ill, 3d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 839 Thirty-seventh st; M O'Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3056 Emerald av; P O'Gorman, F S; Michael Kavenaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson av; J H Ryan, v-p; Wm McMahon, Rec Sec, 5437 Lake av; Bartley Owens, Fin Sec; Andrew Ludwich, Treas. Meet at 5339 Jefferson av, Hyde Park, 2d and 4th Friday each month.

Div 37—John P Donhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

Pres't, J H Carmody, 20 Vernon Park place; V-P, D J Solon; Rec Sec, J P Harding, 363 S Morgan st; Fin Sec, M J Ryan; Treas, P O'Beirne; Knight Commander, John Dadie; V-Kt Comdr, T J Ryan; Sergt-at-Arms, P Morris. Meet 3rd Thursday of each month, 8 p m, in Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. P J Kennedy, President, 347 Loomis-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V.-P.; William S Dillon, 2d V-P; J J Barry, Secretary, 22 Plum-st; Ed Dunphey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treasurer. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor-st, the 1st and 3d Mondays of each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 434 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. B. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

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John C. Schubert, H C R, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; C. Ritchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 109 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. . O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blue Island-av.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George B Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 153 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 528 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Morse, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 227 W cs Eighteenth-st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 739 Hisman st; P M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1325 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4033 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eder, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 359 S Centre av; William A Boyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2953 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John B McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 353 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, [illegible] st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5745 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1-t and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 57th st; R S, J P Cook, 724 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 448 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 891 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1066 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 359 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4729 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4039 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Asbenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, John Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St. Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Joe H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 23 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Enlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 163 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 236 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, F J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 486 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 2803 Keeler av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cloverdale court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Airwin. Meet 3d Friday at 3300 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Senagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2069 Joseph st; R S, T F Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Boutard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2391 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3540 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorney. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 103 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer 226 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in [illegible]

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

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FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
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$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE. PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE. PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
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HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
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OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE. PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case...$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH. MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.

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CHALLENGE SALE!

Our last week's advertisement drew crowds to our store. The people know that when we advertise a thing we have it just as advertised, and thousands availed themselves of the opportunity to buy our reliable merchandise (the only kind we handle) at prices which fake-sale-stores ask for cheap fake stuff.
This week we devote

To The Boys....

We have no use for the girls. They don't wear our clothes, and just now we are greatly perturbed, whether to marry a few of them, or pay the contemplated bachelors' tax. Will let you know about that later on. At any rate

Let Us Have The Boys....

We want to dress them, and dress 'em up in style. It does not matter whether your pocket book be slim or fat, we guarantee satisfaction to either.

Nice Dark Cassimere Suits, (Knee Pants) for..... **98c**

Nice Dark Cassimere Suits, Double Breasted, for..... **$1.25**

A large lot of Odds and Ends taken from $3.00, $4.00 and $5.00 regular stock, broken sizes, for..... **$2.38**

The new Spring Stock, Latest Styles and Pattern, Double Breasted, in Cassimeres, Cheviots and Worsteds, neat effects, at

$1.68 $1.98, $2.48, $2.98.

Strictly All-Wool Combination Suits, Double Breasted Coat, 2 Pants and Cap to match, at

$2.75, $3.75, $5.00.

Fine All-Wool Double Breasted Tricots and Clay Worsteds, Blue and Black,

$3.75, $4.95.

Fine All-Wool Clay Worsted Suits up to size 16, Double Breasted, with Vest, very cheap..... **$5.95**

Our Long Pants Boys' Suit Department contains too many different kinds to mention all here; sufficient be, to say that we have them in good qualities, sizes from 14 to 20 years, at

$3.25, $3.75, $4.50, $5.00

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Reliable goods that bear our good name as guarantee. Knee Pants, the largest variety in Chicago, well made goods, sizes right, up to 16, at

12c, 18c, 25c, 48c, 68c,

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Beware of fake selling-out stores, you can buy better goods, always cheaper, of a legitimate house.

Let Us Have Your Boys.

STERN'S,

Northwest Cor. of Halsted and Harrison Sts.

P. S.—Three thousand new spring suits for men are ready for sale upon our tables; the nobbiest goods in the market; prices for good kind $5.00 to $15.00; cheaper ones, $2.75 to $5.00.

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This Beer was awarded the GOLD MEDAL, together with seven of the HIGHEST AWARDS, which the Cooke Brg. Co. received at World's Columbian Exposition, held at Chicago, Illinois, A. D. 1893. The Medals and Awards were received on the strength of the Chemical Analysis made by the U. S. Government Chemist, which is a guarantee to the public of its purity and healthful qualities.

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JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY.

ESTATE OF MURTY SULLIVAN. DE ceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Murty Sullivan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1895, being the 20th day thereof

Dated Chicago, March 25, 1895.

JOHN J. SULLIVAN, Administrator.

James O'Connell Attorney for Administrator.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF MARGARET KEHOE, DE ceased.—All persons having claims against the Estate of Margaret Kehoe, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1895, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, March 9, 1895.

MARGARET KEHOE,
AGNES E. KEHOE,
Administratrix with the will annexed.

Sullivan & Healy Attorneys.

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